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FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.
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Eli and Tip; Or, "Wanted, an Uncle." The Summer Adventures of Two Greenhorns in New York

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

[Continued from page 38.]

"WELL, you might be drowned, anyhow."

"We might what?" cried Tip, turning pale.

"Oh, nothing; only accidents will happen."

"Well, I don't want hany to 'appen to me."

"We'll have to take our chances," interrupted Eli, laughingly. "If we're born to be hanged we won't be drowned. How much deposit do you want?"

"Five dollars!"

"Five dollars! Why don't you offer to sell us the boat?"

"Because I don't want to," returned the boatkeeper, grinning. "You are a sharp one, you're."

"And how much are you going to charge us for the hire of her?"

"'Cordin' to how long you're gone. The 'stablished rates is a dollar an hour, or five dollars for the day."

"All right; here's the five dollars."

The boatkeeper counted the money, which was in trade dollars, over half a dozen times, tested each piece with his teeth, tried to bend it, and rang it on a stone, after which he said:

"Well, I guess they're good. You kin git aboard."

"What kind hof fish can we catch 'ere?" inquired Tip of the negro boatman, as they bowled along.

"Mos' ebbery kine, young massa. Dere's bloofish, an' porgies, an' sometimes bass, an' blackfish, an' whitefish, an' weakfish, an' a lot mo'."

"They seem to be hall colors."

"Yes, sah, dey is mos' all kines an' colors an' 'scriptions. Dere's debbil-fish, too, an' toadfish, which is the meanest fish dat swims."

"I say, Tip," said Eli, suddenly, "were you ever seasick?"

"Never."

"What! never?"

"Not at hall. 'Aven't I crossed the Hatlantic Hocean without 'aving a hour's sickness? I'm a regular hold salt, I ham. 'Ow habout you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Do you get seasick?"

"What, me? Why, bless you! I'm a navigator. I could sail from here to Californy and never lose a meal. I was only afraid that you might not be used to it."

By this time the *Angleworm* had reached the fishing-ground, near where the black hulk of the dismantled old *Black Warrior* rocked dismally on the waves.

Sam brought the boat up in the wind, dropped the mainsail by the run, and pitched over the anchor.

"Dar," he said; "now we's all right, jus' on de slack ob de tide, too, when de fish 'll bite like de debbil."

"Now, then, Tip," said Eli, "I'll bet you I get the first fish!"

"'Ow much do you want to bet?"

"Half a dollar."

"'Arf a dollar? It's a go."

The lines were speedily thrown over, and but a few minutes had elapsed before something got hold of Eli's hook and nearly jerked the line out of his hand.

"Hurrah! I've got him," he shouted. "I've won that fifty cents just as easy as rolling off a log."

And he hauled in an enormous eel, which thrashed around in the boat as if he was an own brother to the terrible sea-serpent.

"There," said Eli, drawing a long breath—"there's a whopper for you. I guess you'll own up that I've beat you now?"

"What'll I hown hup for?" replied Tip; "you said a fish. I 'ope you don't call that blasted snake a fish, do you?"

"Of course it's a fish. I say, old moonshine, ain't an eel a fish?"

"Dey's mighty good eating, massa. An' dat fellers a big one, I golly, but whedder dey belongs to de fish or de snake family is more'n I knows."

"Well, I don't care. I won't count it. I'll beat you fair, anyway."

And as he spoke a jerk at his line showed that he had another captive.

In a minute he pulled in a hideous-looking ichthyological specimen, consisting principally of mouth, and of a most horrible aspect generally.

"Now, then, what do you say to that?" he demanded, triumphantly.

"Yah, yah!" laughed the negro; "dat ain't no good. Dat's one ob dem debbilish toadfish."

"What's the reason it isn't any good?" demanded Eli; "it's a fish, ain't it?"

"It's a kine ob a one, I s'pose," replied Sam; "but what de good Lord ebber made it for is more'n I kin tell."

"It's a good enough fish to win my bet, anyway. Why, hulloa, Tip, what's the matter with you?"

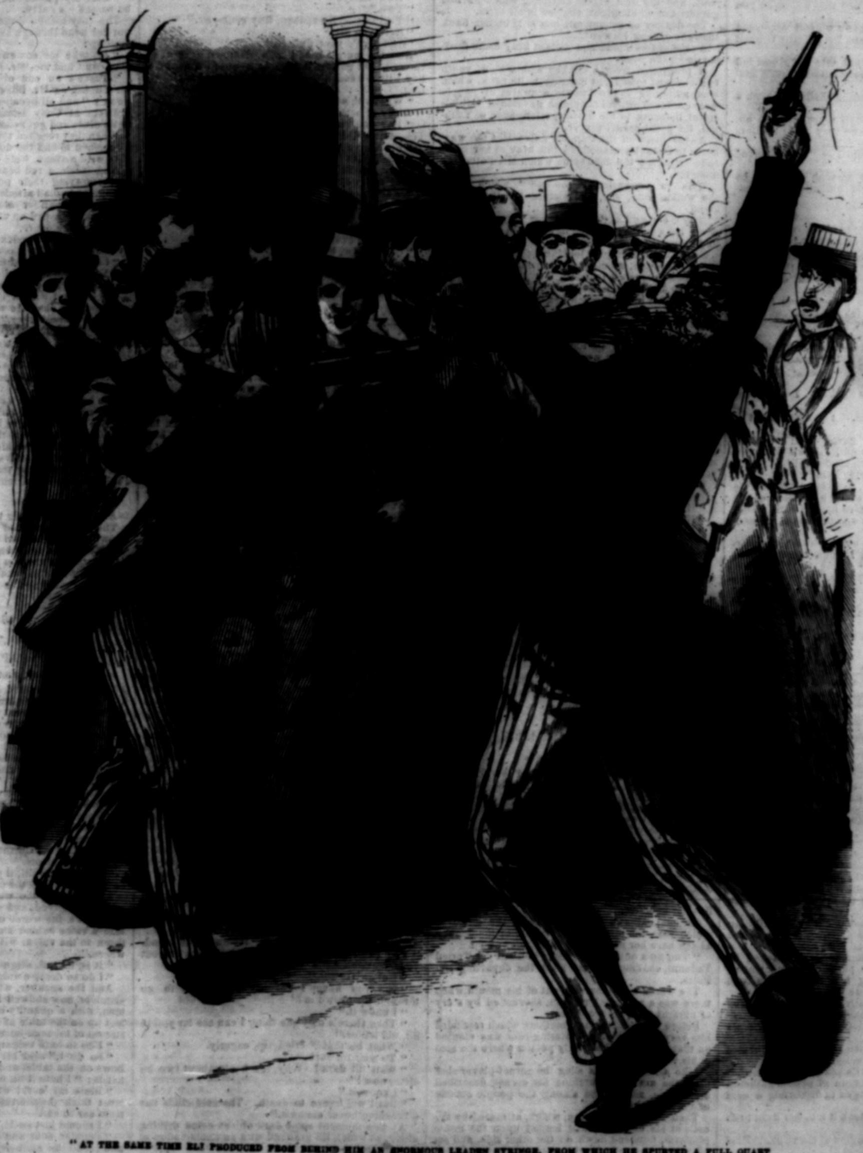
"I don't feel very well," groaned Tip, who had dropped his line and began to study the water with great intentness.

"Going to be seasick, I'll bet a cookie. I thought you were a regular old salt."

"It was those clams, I know," moaned Tip, yawping, as if he was under contract to throw up his toe-nails.

"Oh, yes, of course it was the clams. Now, I'm never seasick. I can stand anything, I can."

By this time Tip was too busily engaged in



"AT THE SAME TIME ELI PRODUCED FROM BEHIND HIM AN ENORMOUS LEADEN SYRINGE, FROM WHICH HE SPURTED A FULL QUART OF INK SQUARELY INTO MR. POTT'S FACE."

"ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY," by BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, BEGINS IN OUR NEXT.

casting up his accounts with Father Neptune to pay any attention to his companion.

Eli, with a glance of contemptuous commiseration at his friend, bated his hook and recommenced fishing.

Not for long, however, for in about half a minute he began to turn white, too, and in a few seconds more was following Tip's example.

The pair spent ten minutes or so, much to the amusement of Black Sam, in the agreeable employment of distributing their breakfasts to the fishes.

Then they began to feel better, and naturally turned on one another.

"Oh, you're never seasick; hof course not," said Tip, sarcastically. "You hought to 'ave been a hadmiral. What a pity you can't sail for California right away!"

"It was an accident."

"Har you sure it wasn't the clams?"

"You shut up. I ain't any sicker than you are."

"Let's go 'ome, for 'eving's sake. I shall die, I know I shall, hif I stay 'ere."

"You'd better stay for the fishin'," remarked Black Sam, who had pulled up about a dozen porgies in the meantime.

"Darn the fishin'," said Eli, in great disgust. "Hoist that bedquilt and let's git back."

The darkey soon had the boat on her homeward course, and in due time they landed.

"'Ow much have we got to pay for the boat?" inquired Tip.

"Only two dollars, gents," said the boatkeeper, blandly.

"Two dollars!" exclaimed Eli. "Why, we've only been gone about an hour."

"Don't make no difference; two dollars is the figure."

"Darned if I'll pay more than one."

"I don't see very well how you kin help yourself," returned the boatkeeper, calmly, returning him three of the five dollars he had left as a deposit. "Here's your change."

"I want a dollar more."

"Oh, no, you don't."

"But I do!"

"Well, you won't get it; so that's flat."

"Then you will get something that will make you flatter."

And he dealt the boatkeeper a playful tap on the nose, while at the same instant Tip adroitly tripped him up.

The man tumbled backward into a big box full of lobsters, which had just been landed from a fishing boat.

There was a sound of crashing shells, and then a wild shriek rent the air.

In a minute more the boatkeeper jumped up, with something like a hundred very lively lobsters clinging to him with their powerful claws.

"Take 'em off," he yelled — "sakes alive! They're eating me up."

And, with an unearthly screech of pain, he dashed into the water to rid himself of his tenacious assailants.

CHAPTER XV.

A CONCERT, WITH VARIATIONS.

BY the time our adventurers had plodded half a mile through the sand they were thoroughly soaked with perspiration, coated with dust, and tired of the job they had undertaken.

Accordingly, when a man passed them leading two of the little donkeys which are hired out to visitors at the beach they hailed him.

"How much a ride?" demanded Eli.

"One dollar, sir," replied the man, unblushingly.

"I beg your pardon; but you have misunderstood me."

"How?"

"I don't want to buy the donkey. I only want to hire it."

"Well, a dollar's the price. You may take it or leave it."

"I certainly must take it," gasped Tip; "I cahn't walk hanother step. All right. Here's your two dollars, then. Are your animals docile?"

"A suckin' babby might ride 'em."

The man, while speaking, had kept a respectable distance between himself and the smallest of the donkeys, a tough-looking, hard-headed little beast, with hair gray, either from age or general cussedness.

When he pronounced his eulogium on their character, however, he seemed to find himself called upon to prove it.

"You notiss this yer donk now," he said, patting the tough-looking little jackass very respectfully on the back.

"Well, considering we ain't blind, I s'pose we do."

"Well, sir, this yer donk's a born angel."

"You don't say so?"

"Well, I just do."

"Is he good-tempered?"

"He's got the temper of a boiled clam."

"He has a sort of deceitful look in his eye," doubtfully remarked Eli, who was gradually working up to the subject of their comments to mount.

"Deceitful! Not much. That's sagacity, that is."

"Well, I'll try him, anyway."

And with a sudden spring Eli mounted the donkey's back.

It was just as he had suspected.

The little brute was as vicious as a chained alligator, and had only been watching for a chance to hurt somebody.

As Eli plumped down into the saddle the donkey began to feel for something behind her with her off rear foot.

What she felt was the stomach of her owner.

Her hoof came in contact with that portion of his person with a violence that evoked a sound from it very similar to that produced by the concussion of a two-pound drumstick on the head of a base drum.

The donkey-driver tumbled backward with an agonized grunt and rolled under the heel of the other jackass, which Tip had just mounted.

That playful creature immediately fastened its teeth in the slack of his pantaloons and trotted down the beach, dragging him through the sand several hundred yards before it dropped him.

Eli's steed was of an imitative nature, and followed the example of her companion.

Both boys were good riders, and kept their seats without difficulty.

But to guide their stubborn and self-willed brutes was a task beyond their ability.

Eli's donkey took it into its head to find out what was going on among a group of people gathered under a tent near by, engaged in discussing a cold lunch.

And when that donkey took it into her head to do a thing she did it.

"Whoa!" yelled Eli, tugging at the reins. "Hold on! Darn it, you brute, stop!"

"Yank his left ear," cried the donkey-owner. "Pull it like blazes."

Thus adjured, Eli grabbed one of his self-willed steed's long and symmetrical ears.

In his excitement, however, he seized the right instead of the left.

Consequently, the donkey, instead of turning to the left inclined to the right, and made a bee-line for a row of rickety bathing-houses a short distance ahead.

"The other ear!" screamed the driver. "You chuckle-headed idiot, pull the other ear."

Eli dropped the reins and obeyed.

Only instead of letting go of the one he held already, he now clung to both ears for dear life.

The consequence can readily be imagined.

The donkey snorted, squealed and strove to release its aural appendages from their painful imprisonment, but Eli only held on the faster.

So, maddened by pain and bad temper, the little brute bounded furiously forward.

There was a crash and a bang as she butted head first against the nearest bath-house.

The rickety box tumbled over in the sand with the door down, and the yells and struggles of some-one inside striving to get out filled the air.

The donkey seemed to be encouraged by this.

With a loud bray she rushed at the next bath-house, which toppled over under her first assault.

One blow of her heels burst the door of the third open.

The sudden elevation of her rear section at the same time destroyed Eli's balance, and shot him out of the saddle over her head.

He rolled out of harm's way, while a voice from the bath-house cried:

"Hi! hi! what's all this?"

"Hello!" cried Eli, sitting up; "who's that?"

His question did not remain long unanswered.

Almost as it left his lips the little donkey let out with her heels at the half-naked figure, which squeezed itself in the corner of the bath-house.

In order to save itself the figure took a flying leap forward, which landed it plump in the saddle Eli had just vacated.

It was Mr. Peter Potts, with nothing on but his shirt, and the rest of his clothing, which he had gathered up in his fright, clasped in his arms.

The donkey no sooner felt him land on her back than she sprang forward.

As she did so a loud and distant bray came floating down the wind.

It proceeded from a donkey with a stout youth in a checked tweed suit clinging to its neck, which was galloping toward where a swarm of people were gathered around the music pavilion of Cable's Hotel, listening to the dulcet performance of Tadolini, the great cornet-player.

As the blare of the trumpet galvanizes the war-horse to instant attention, so this bray of her comrade attracted the donkey on which Mr. Potts was mounted.

With an answering "Hee-haw" which made the welkin ring, she, too, started for the music-stand.

Now the crowd at that point was very dense, and when Tip's donkey reached its outskirts it could not find an entrance.

So it cantered around, looking for a place to force its way through, which gave the young Englishman a chance to step off its back.

Not so Mr. Potts, however.

His animal had too much headway to be stopped by anything, and bursting through the assembled multitude like a thunderbolt, she never halted till she arrived in front of the music-stand.

There, looking straight in the face of the cornetist, who was tooting away at one of his most delicate and expressive passages, she delivered herself of a most solemn and resonant bray.

The cornet-player stopped short and turned scarlet.

"Vat was dat?" he demanded, angrily.

"Hee-haw," replied Mr. Potts's donkey.

"Vat you make-a dat noise for?"

"Hee-haw," came from behind him on the other side of the pavilion where the jackass which Tip had lately ridden had now found a place.

"Shentlemens and ladies, dis is von outrage!" yelled the cornet-player.

"Hee-haw!"

"Hee-haw!"

"Put 'em out!" cried the crowd.

"Who brought these donkeys here?"

"There's a feller on one."

"And the nasty beast hasn't got any clothes on," cried a lady.

"Dear me, I shall faint!" screamed another.

"You indecent brute, what do you mean?" demanded a ferocious-looking individual of Mr. Potts.

"My dear sir," gasped that unfortunate personage, "it is purely an accident, I assure you. I——"

"Hee-haw!" interrupted the donkey.

"He makes him bray on purpose," cried somebody.

"Yaas!" shrieked Tadolini, now wild with rage. "It is von plot; von plot to spoil my playing!"

"So it is."

"Hee-haw!"

"I can't help it. The beast would bring me here."

"You lie, you blackguard."

"Hee-haw!"

"There's another one of 'em over there."

"Give them a good hammering, and fire them out."

"That's the ticket. Go for them."

And a rush was made for Mr. Potts.

Fortunately for that gentleman, the animal which had got him into trouble was amply able to extricate him again.

Her nimble heels made short work of her assailants, and, with a final bray of defiance, she dashed straight at the very thickest of the crowd.

As leaves scatter before a tempest, the people fled her approach.

Shrieks, oaths and laughter filled the air, over which rose the triumphant braying of the donkey as she bore her now nearly dead rider away.

"You go-a quick, but I find-a you out yet," cried Tadolini, shaking his fist after the departing Mr. Potts.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a crash behind him, succeeded by a cry of affright from his musicians.

Before he could turn, something which reminded him very forcibly of a battering-ram was planted on that portion of his portly person where the seat of his pantaloons was.

Like a stone from a sling the cornet-player shot up in the air, and, clutching his cornet, described a parabola, and landed among the people outside of the pavilion.

Then the second donkey, which, attracted by the calls of his comrade, had leaped upon the music platform, bounded down on the other side, and set off at a dead run to join its mate.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW TO BATHE AT CONEY ISLAND.

"I DON'T think I banker after any more donkey-riding at Coney Island," remarked Eli, as he and his friend observed the last of the foregoing scene from the hotel porch.

"Hit's altogether too hexciting," said Tip. "I'd rather 'ave something to heat."

"What! Hungry again?"

"Hof course I ham. Didn't my breakfast do the fishes more good than me?"

"That's so. Well, suppose we eat something, then?"

"I am willing to hobserve that that his the very lum-tum, up hand down, proper p. c. But where har those people going?"

And he pointed to a long line of dusty wayfarers, who were filing out of the hotel in the direction of the bathing-houses.

"They're going to take a bath, sir," put in a runner for the bathing-house. "Don't you want to try a dip before your dinner?"

"Just the thing to give us an appetite, Tip," cried Eli.

"To give us what?"

"An appetite."

"But blow me tight, you know, I've han 'orrible happetite halready."

"Well, it will make it more so. We can't bathe on a full stomach, you know, so let's take a swim now."

Tip protested manfully, but the delegate from Cuttyhunk was not to be opposed, so they went in search of a bathing-suit.

In due time they found themselves in front of a shed where a plank on two barrels served for a counter.

Behind this improvised counter stood a very thin man, with a puple nose and a head that would have found a flour-barrel a good fit for a hat.

A heap of things, which looked like the coarse canvas sacks commonly used for holding salt, were piled up against the wall behind them.

"Bathing-suits, gents?" he roared.

"That's our ticket," responded Eli.

"How many?"

"Two."

"Two suits. Now, then, fifty cents, sir."

"Here you are."

"And here's your fixings."

And the purple-nosed man slammed several of the salt-sack garments down in front of them, and a key with a wooden tag as big as a saucer attached to it.

"What's this?" demanded Eli.

"Key of bath-house."

"Har you sure the clothes will fit hus?" asked Tip, staring dubiously at the salt-bags.

"Fit like your skin. Got any valuables?"

"Any what?"

"Any boodle, brads, shug, wealth, you know. Money or jewelry."

"Well, suppose we have?"

"Then hand 'em over."

"Do what?"

"Hand 'em over, and look lively, too."

"Well, I never!"

"Come, now, fork 'em out."

And the purple-nosed man flopped a fist like a dead flounder down on the counter, and yelled an order to one of the two boys who acted as assistants to him to fetch out a suit for a fresh customer.

"Why, bless my 'eart!" gasped Tip, "what do you mean? Do you mean to rob hus?"

"I mean," replied the man, gruffly, "that if you've got anything you don't want to lose you'd better leave it to me to take care of."

Accordingly, they left their pocket-books in his care, to which Eli added a mechanical turnip, which he flattered by calling a watch.

Then they hunted their bathing-house.

This was the usual sentry-box like structure, and they found the key with which they had been intrusted entirely superfluous, as some one had smashed the lock, and the door stood wide open.

So much so, indeed, that when they wanted to undress they could not keep it shut.

Consequently, Eli had to lean against it outside while Tip disrobed, when they changed positions.

Of course, the bathing-suits did not fit, and equally, of course, there was not a button on them.

Still, they managed to get themselves in order somehow, and made a dash for old ocean.

As usual, there was an army of people out on the beach, and our two friends had to make their way through them like captives running an Indian gauntlet.

In point of fact, they did have to run a gauntlet of such expressions as:

"There's style for you."

"He must sell his lankness by the yard."

"Hurry up, fatty, or the sea will dry up."

"Give us your tailor's card, won't you, hayseed?"

As may well be imagined, the boys were by no means sorry to escape these frank commentaries, and they hurried down the beach as rapidly as they could.

Once in the water they were more at their ease, and were soon floundering about and enjoying themselves to the top of their bent.

In the height of their contentment Tip suddenly turned pale and uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"What's the matter?" demanded Eli.

"My pants," was the reply.

"What of them?"

"I've lost 'em. Shey slipped hoff."

"They slipped off?"

"Yes. Whatever will I do now?"

"Well, now, this is a go."

As is usually the case, no sooner did Tip make the distressing discovery that he could not get out of the water than he commenced to feel cold.

His nose turned blue, and his teeth commenced to chatter like castanets.

"Gracious, save me! But this is awful!" he shivered. "Whatever can I do?"

"I'll be darned if I know," returned his friend. "You can't go through that crowd there without your pantaloons."

"Hof course not."

"And you haven't got any pantaloons to go through the crowd in?"

"I know it."

"Then there's only one thing I can see for you to do, old fellow."

"What his that?" cried Tip, eagerly.

"To wait till dark."

"Wait till dark? Why, it's honly about two ho clock now!"

"I know it."

"But I will freeze to death. The cold chills har a creeping hover me now."

At this moment some dark object came drifting along, at which Eli grabbed with an exclamation of satisfaction.

It was a pair of bathing pantaloons which some other worshiper of Neptune had lost.

"We're in luck's way," he said. "Here are the very things we've been wishing for. Now put 'em on."

Tip commenced to do so without delay, and it was fortunate for him that he did.

He had scarcely invested himself in them when a stout man came paddling up to them and asked:

"I say, gentlemen, have you seen anything of a pair of pantaloons floating around here?"

"No," replied Eli, unblushingly. "Have you lost yours?"

"Well, I just believe I have. And I'm in a nice fix."

"How so?"

"There's a party of ladies ashore there waiting for me to come out and take them to lunch."

"You don't say so?"

"Don't I? Why, they are calling for me now."

"George! George!" called one of several gayly-dressed females on the beach.

"All right!" yelled the stout man.

"Why don't you come out?"

"I'm coming! Oh; blame it! Where's them pant's?"

"I won't stand this any longer," called the lady. "If you can't give up your selfish enjoyment and come ashore to us right away, you need never speak to me again."

"My selfish enjoyment," groaned the stout man. "Oh, I'm enjoying myself, ain't I? In a horn."

At this moment a gentleman approached the females and entered into an animated conversation, which seemed to please the lady who had spoken very much.

The stout man, at sight of the newcomer, grew positively black in the face.

"It's that scoundrel, Bilker," he gasped, hoarsely. "He's always around to take advantage of any misfortune that happens to me."

"Are you coming ashore, George?" called the lady.

"Yes," yelled the stout man, in desperation.

And holding his shirt down with both hands he rushed out of the water and dashed up the beach.

"Lost my pants," he shouted, explanatorily, as he passed his party.

The lady looked disgustedly after him, and then put her hand through the arm of his rival and said, sweetly:

"Do take me somewhere where that disgusting man can't find me, Mr. Bilker."

"There's an end of love's young dream," observed Eli, as Mr. Bilker and his partner strolled away; "and all because they don't have bathing-drawers at Cony Island with buttons on them. Let's dress and get some lunch."

When they reached their bathing-house they were astonished to find the door, which they had jammed shut with a stone, wide open.

And inside a red-headed boy was calmly squatted, emptying their pockets of what few loose change and small articles they had not left with the bathing-suit-man for safe keeping.

The thief leaped up at their approach and made a dash for the door.

But Eli was too quick for him, and clutched him by the collar as he was about to slip past.

"Lemme go," cried the boy.

"Not much I won't," replied Eli. "What were you doing in my pockets?"

"Seein' wot was in 'em."

"Then you shall see what's inside a jail, next."

"Look here, mister," said the young thief, seriously, "if you'll let up on me I'll tell you something."

"What about?"

"About you."

"Something that concerns me?"

"Yes."

The boy winked in a cunning any mysterious way, which aroused all of Eli's latent natural curiosity.

"See whether we've lost anything, Tip," he said.

"I ain't got a single thing," protested the boy.

Tip reported everything which had been in their pockets intact, and Eli said:

"Well, considering that we haven't lost anything, I'll let you go if you tell me that you spoke about."

"Cert."

"Then what is it?"

And Eli released the thief.

The latter retreated a couple of steps, winked knowingly, and tapped his nose with his forefinger.

"Well," said the member from Cuttyhunk, impatiently, "what are you going to tell me?"

"Nothing. Only that it was lucky for you that you didn't git here five minutes later."

"Why?"

"Because then I'd been a-doing what I am now."

Which was to run off at a speed that defied pursuit.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN IMPOSTOR EXPOSED.

OUR friends dressed and went up to the hotel in search of refreshments.

They found a vacant table, where they sat down, and at Eli's suggestion ordered two chowders.

A very impudent waiter, with a pug nose, brought them two dishes filled with a liquid which looked like dishwater, in each of which floated a few fragments of hard-tack and the emaciated ghost of a clam.

"Where's your microscope?" asked Eli.

"The what, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Your microscope."

"I don't think there's any here. Here's the pepper-sauce and the ketchup."

"What do I want them for?"

"For the clams."

"But, darn it all, if you don't bring me a microscope I can't find the clams to put 'em on."

By this time the waiter comprehended that he was being guyed, and went off.

"That's the worst of these places, my dear," said a voice behind him. "You are compelled to listen to the vulgar wit of such pups as that everywhere."

"It is, indeed, disgusting," said a female voice. "I do so despise vulgarity."

And the speaker, whom a quick glance over his shoulder now showed Eli to be a very overdressed man, with a quantity of flashy jewelry, cocked his feet up on the table at which he sat, and squirted a stream of tobacco-juice half way across the piazza.

"I do so hate vulgarity," he repeated.

"So do I," said his companion, resting her elbows on the table, and supporting her chin on her hands; "I hate it till it makes me tired."

"Bless my 'eart! what no end of swells they must think themselves!" whispered Tip, grinning from ear to ear.

"I should just smile," replied his friend.

"Regular hoot and hout, hop and down, round and round the mulberry-bush howlers, eh?"

"Ah, well!" sighed the lady, "we have the comfort of knowing that they can't mingle with our set, though they do annoy us a little."

"I'd like to have a life-sized photo of your set," muttered Eli. "Barnum ought to hire you to put in a cage."

The two exclusive people soon got up and strolled off in search of more congenial associations, while the boys finished another brace of chowders, and set out in search of further adventures.

As the iron observatory tower was about the biggest thing in sight, their steps naturally led them in that direction.

They paid their quarter a piece and ascended to the top.

After staring at the magnificent panorama of sea and land unfolded to them till their eyes ached, they turned to descend, and found themselves, to their no little amusement, face to face with their swell friends of the piazza.

The lady turned up her nose disdainfully, while the flashy man emitted a snort of disgust.

"We had better descend, Laura," he said. "This is evidently no place for us."

"Those hideous creatures seem to follow us everywhere," simpered Laura.

"By George!" whispered Eli; "did you hear that?"

"I did."

"Then let's have the benefit of the name, and really follow them."

"All right."

Thenceforward, wherever the swell and his companion went our friends were close behind them.

Keeping at a sufficient distance not to be noticed in the crowd, they never lost sight of the objects of their persecution.

So, when the latter went out on the iron pier, they had barely stopped to admire the surroundings when they found two familiar figures beside them.

They went ashore at once, and were next seen drinking milk from the artificial cow.

Eli and Tip stood next to them and drank milk, too.

They went to the Aquarium, and feasted their eyes on the brilliant feathered curiosities in the great bird-cage.

Eli and Tip were beside them, tickling the snout of the hippopotamus with straws.

The result of this persistent annoyance can be imagined.

The flashy man, from being disgusted, gradually became fairly wild, and at last cried:

"Curse it! Is there no place we can go to get rid of these odious boys?"

"Do you allude to us, sir?" asked Eli, who was getting tired of the fun and wanted to end it.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, I can tell you where you can go to get rid of us."

"Where?"

"Among your own set."

"Among our own set."

"Yes; we only associate with ladies and gentlemen."

The flashy man grew livid, and his companion uttered a shrill scream of rage.

"What do you mean by that, you young villain?" cried the former. "I've a notion to thrash the hide off of you."

"You needn't put yourself out about it, you know."

"We will hexcuse you hif you find hit too warm," said Tip.

"I'll make it warm for you," cried the now furious swell.

And he aimed a blow at Tip, which, if it had ever struck him, would have reduced his skull to splinters. But it did not.

The young Englishman stopped it with the dexterity he had exhibited on more than one previous occasion, and returned the compliment on his assailant's nose.

Before the combat could proceed any further a sharp, woman's voice put a stop to hostilities.

"Arrah, it's here yez are, is it, my lady?" it said.

And a stout, comfortable-looking old Irishwoman pushed forward and seized the flashy man's female companion by the arm.

"Sure, I thought I'd find yez here," she said. "An' what do ye mane a-pawnin' the shirts that's left wid me to wash, an' a-comin down here to Coney Island a-lavin' me to do the ironin' an' the whole laundry alone by meself. Arrah, ain't ye ashamed of yerself?"

And the indignant old woman shook her daughter, as the swell lady now proved to be, as if she intended to shake the bones out of her skin.

"Come, come, Mrs. McGinnis," interposed the flashy man. "Let Laura alone."

"Laura, is it? Begob, since whin have ye been new christened, me lady? Whin I heard of yez last yer name was Bridget."

"No matter what her name was, let her alone," repeated the flashy man, anxious to escape the now jeering crowd at any price.

"Lave her alone! Faith, I will whin she comes home and does her work. What the devil business of yours is it anyway, Mike Murphy?"

"Madam," commenced the flashy man, turning scarlet.

"Arrah, don't madam me, ye blackguard. Ye'd betther be home airnin' yer own livin' instid of lavin' yer poor ould mother wash the ten fingers off of her to kape yez."

"This is outrageous!" exclaimed the discomfited Mike Murphy.

"Faith, I've said that same many's the day. 'It's outrageous,' says I, 'for that big hulkin' loafer, Mike Murphy, to be livin' off the hard airnin's of an ould woman that ought to be takin' her aise, and him workin' for her.' Arrah, go long wid yez. Sure, avin the soight of yez makes me sick to me stummick!"

And holding her daughter by the arm, the old woman elbowed her way to the door.

Mike Murphy stood watching the pair till they vanished.

Then he turned savagely on our friends.

"It's your fault," he yelled; "and bust my crust if I don't pay you off now!"

And he rushed at them.

The crowd, however, closed in on him, and before a blow was struck he was in the hands of half a dozen stalwart men, to release himself from whom all his struggles were in vain.

"What shall we do with the skunk?" cried one.

"Duck him!" yelled a score of voices.

"Yes, duck him. Duck him!"

The suggestion was carried out at once.

Behind the Aquarium was a pond of stagnant water, covered with a green slime.

Into this unsavory pool Mr. Mike Murphy was rolled.

When he emerged, half-strangled, sick and covered with slime, the glory of his gay attire had all departed.

But his tormentors were not through with him yet.

Two large placards were prepared on big, square pieces of cardboard, which bore the two following inscriptions:

"This is Mike Murphy, who wanted to be a gentleman." "So his mother took in washing to buy him clothes and send him to Coney Island."

With one of these placards on his breast and the other on his back, Mr. Murphy was led out on the concourse between two stalwart guards.

Then a drummer and fifer were produced, and to the tune of the "Rogue's March" the disgraced swell was marched up and down the road, to the edification of the multitude, till his persecutors took pity on him and let him go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DUEL ON A NEW PLAN.

"IT won't do for us to go home now and miss the fireworks," observed Eli, after the release of Mr. Mike Murphy had deprived them of the amusement of watching him.

"'Aving survived thus far, hit would be foolishness."

"Of course it would. We've got to amuse ourselves somehow."

"Let's go and watch the people play billiards, then. I'm tired of hout of doors."

"Very well."

"And aren't yez goin' to take me along?" asked a familiar, jovial voice behind them.

"Barney," they cried together.

"Faith, ye've guessed it. Somebody must have tould ye."

"And what brings you here?"

"What should bring me here but yer own swate selves?"

"Us?"

"Divil a [illegible]. I wint to the hotel to pay yez a morning call, and found ye had come down here."

"So you followed us?"

"I did; an' a foine chase yez have led me."

"How did you find us?"

"Bedad, I kem on a nagur who was pickin' lobsthers off of a man down the bache, an' he tould me that two aristocrats answerin' yer lovely description had kem this way."

By this time they had gained the billiard-room.

The place was full, and they had just seated themselves to watch the games, when Eli and Tip uttered a simultaneous exclamation of surprise.

At the table nearest to them Mr. Peter Potts and one of his friends were knocking the balls about in a beautifully unskillful manner.

Finally Mr. Potts's opponent contrived to jump his ball off the table, and it fell on his companion's foot.

"Oh, murder!" screamed the latter, seizing the injured member in his hand, and hopping about on the other foot, howling with pain. "Oh, Lord, my bunion!"

"Did it hurt you much, old fel?" asked the offender, with much solicitude.

"Hurt me much!" yelled Peter Potts, savagely. "Burning blazes! don't you dare speak to me, you mush-fisted booby! You'd better go learn to play billiards, you had."

"It wouldn't hurt both of 'em to take a few lessons, would it?" remarked Eli to his companions.

"Did you address that remark to me, sir?" demanded the clumsy player, who was an emaciated, pug-nosed youth of twenty, with very bandy legs incased in tight lavender pants and a Piccadilly collar that hid all but the crimson tips of his ears.

"I believe I was the person haddressed," returned Tip.

"Oh, you do, do you, putty-face? Well, my canary-colored bantam, I wasn't talking to you. I never quarrel with children."

"I should say that was the safest thing you could do," said Eli, contemptuously. "For any able-bodied child would thrash the hide off you in one trial."

"That's more than you can do, at any rate," exclaimed the emaciated youth, shaking his fist in his face. "Why, for half a paper of pins I'd——"

"Oh, get out; don't bother me."

And seizing him by the collar, the delegate from Cuttyhunk twisted him around and treated him to a kick that sent him flying clean over the billiard-table on top of a dog that was lying on the floor on the other side.

The animal set up a howl and then began to nip pieces out of his assailant's attenuated legs, till the lavender pants looked as if they had been under the fire of a gatling-gun.

"Help! help!" cried the young man. "Oh, Pottsey, old fel! drive him off! He's devouring me alive."

"Here, I say," exclaimed Mr. Potts, forgetting his resentment in the noble sentiment of sympathy for a friend. "You blasted brute, let go!"

And he began furiously belaboring the dog with his cue.

"I'll thank you to let my dog alone, my friend," remarked the animal's owner, abandoning his game. "If you don't, I'll kick you into the street."

"But he's eating my friend up," expostulated the person addressed, while the dog continued his impromptu repast. "He's gnawing his legs off!"

"Confound it! so he is. Why, the poor brute will be poisoned."

And seizing the dog by the collar, its master hauled his pet off, and tapped the pet's victim on the small of the back with his toe with such force that he jumped up at once.

Neither he nor his friend dared vent their resentment on the dog's owner, so they returned to their table and recommenced their game, accompanying it with a running fire of bitter remarks, and numerous glances leveled at Eli and his companions.

"Pipe the Mick," remarked he of the lavender legs, as Barney's genial countenance expanded into a broad grin at a more than usually bad shot. "Has he got a colic?"

"He grins like a sick ape in a vinegar-barrel," replied Mr. Potts. "He's as restless as if he had a sole-leather poultice on, too. Somebody must have kicked him down-stairs lately."

"Oh, no. It's only modesty. The poor wretch has never found himself out of his family pigstye before, and he isn't comfortable in the society of gentlemen."

"True. I never thought of that. Those fresh friends of his evidently think they're a swell crowd, too."

"Poor fools," remarked lavender legs, with studied contempt. "It's their beastly ignorance, you know."

"Begorra, Masther Eli," whispered Barney, "d'ye know I think thim consated bladder-heads there is talkin' about us."

"I think so, too," replied our friend. "But leave them to me. Don't kick up a muss now or you'll spoil everything."

"Have they actually got the impudence to talk out loud?" asked Mr. Potts, pretending to stare very hard at our friends through an eyeglass. "Ugh! Positively, such bare-faced impertinence makes me sick."

"Poor, delicate little child," remarked Eli. "He looks sick, doesn't he? His mother ought to be more careful of his precious health."

"I don't think she knows 'e is hout," replied Tip. "He must have hescaped through 'is bedroom window hafter 'is nurse put 'im to bed."

"An' claned out his pa's vest-pocket for a shillin' to pay for the billiards wid," added Barney. "By me sowkers, but they're a foine pair of figgers for the *Police Gazette*."

"What do you mean by that, you flannel-mouthed mud-shoveler?" exclaimed the lavender gentleman, unable to restrain himself further. "How dare you talk of a gentleman that way?"

"Faith, I wasn't talkin' of a gintleman at all, at all. I was spakin' of you."

"And what do you call me, then?" shouted the irate billiardist, growing purple with wrath.

"Well, now," returned Barney, with great deliberation, commencing to count on his fingers, "I should say there was some impidence, a dale of consate, plenty of ignorance, an' a hundred pounds or so of the manest sort of dirt wasted in the makin' of you."

A roar of laughter from the bystanders hailed this analysis, and the person to whom it applied threw down his cue, and shaking both his fists in the Irishman's face, screamed:

"You have insulted me, you Irish blackguard, and I demand satisfaction. Damme! satisfaction, do you understand?"

"Arrah, go and cool off. Ye'll explode if ye don't."

And as he spoke, Barney seized a water-cooler from the bar counter, and poured the ice-water with which it was filled over his foaming adversary's head, after which he dropped the cooler itself on it like an extinguisher on a candle.

"This is simply unbearable," cried Mr. Potts, now addressing himself to Eli. "Do you encourage that person in his outrageous violence?"

"I certainly approve of what he has done," replied our friend.

"Then, sir," piped the other, drawing a revolver from his hip-pocket, "I demand satisfaction for my friend and myself at once."

"Oh! very well," was the cool response.

"At once; do you comprehend?" continued the lank youth, swaggering up and down and flourishing his pistol. "Or, by the gods! I will take summary vengeance."

"That will not be necessary. I will give you all the satisfaction you want; and more, too, perhaps. Here, Barney," and Eli said, in a whisper, something to the Irishman. "Do you understand?"

"Faith I do," and Barney grinned from ear to ear as he spoke.

"Then hurry up and get it."

Barney vanished from the room, and our friend turned once more to his challenger, who, to tell the truth, did not seem so much at his ease, now that his challenge was accepted.

Still he marched up and down, brandishing his weapon fiercely and vociferating:

"Satisfaction, sir! Blood, and blood alone can wipe out the insult!"

By this time the crowd had become interested, and gathered grinning around, while the belligerent young man's friend, having removed the cooler from his head, encouraged his valorous associate with divers winks, whispers and nudges.

"Well," said the latter, at last, halting before Eli, "how long am I to be kept waiting?"

"Only till my friend returns with the weapon I have sent him for."

"Oh, as for that," called a dozen bystanders, at once. "I'll lend you a revolver."

"Thanks, but my friend will be back presently. However, to save time, we might as well adjourn to the yard and measure the ground off."

The crowd assented, and a move was made for the yard behind the hotel.

There the ground was measured at twelve paces.

Mr. Potts viewed these preparations with a nervousness not at all in keeping with his previous bloodthirsty vociferousness.

"Oh, I say, you know," he remarked, "we don't want to blow one another to pieces, you know. Twenty-four paces, you know."

"Not at all," said Eli, firmly. "I never fight at more than twelve."

"Good gracious, old fel!" whispered Mr. Potts to his friend, "d'ye hear that? He's a regular fire-eater."

"Well, well," was the reply, "what of it? Brace up and give him as good as you get."

At this juncture Barney returned and put some object which he had been carrying in his breast, in Eli's hand.

"Now, then, gentlemen," called Tip, who had assumed the duty of second for his friend, "we are ready to begin hif you are."

"Oh, yaas," remarked Mr. Potts, whose teeth now began to chatter. "But I say, Piper, old fel; perhaps he wants to apologize, you know. I don't want to slaughter him in cold blood."

"Don't you be afraid," called Eli. "Slaughter ahead. When you are ready to massacre me, I am prepared to be massacred."

Mr. Potts glared piteously at his second, and the revolver rattled in his trembling hand as Mr. Piper led him up to the mark.

Eli had already taken his place, and the amused spectators had drawn aside, leaving the combatants standing alone with their seconds.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Tip, holding his hand over his mouth to repress his laughter.

"I'm all ready," responded Mr. Potts, in quivering accents, "unless he wants to apologize. It ain't too late yet, and I really don't wan't to slaughter him, you know."

"Oh, dry up!" said his second. "Cock your pistol."

Mr. Potts uttered a hollow groan and complied.

"Now, then—ready?" called Tip again.

"Y-y-yes."

"Yes."

"Then fire."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr. Potts's weapon exploded, and a terrible squealing commenced in the pigsty in one corner of the yard, telling beyond the possibility of a mistake the direction his shot had taken.

At the same time Eli produced from behind him an enormous leaden syringe, from which he squrted a full quart of ink squarely into Mr. Potts's face.

The latter, with a wild shriek, dropped his pistol, threw up his arms, and fell.

"Oh, I'm gone!" he groaned. "My hour has struck. I am a dead man."

"What's the matter? Where did it hit you?" asked his second, bending anxiously over him.

"Square in the face. I felt the bullet go clean through my skull."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Piper, "how horrible! Will some one send for a surgeon?"

"Oh, yes," wailed Mr. Potts, "send for a surgeon quick. I'm bleeding to death fast."

"Poor Pottsey!" muttered his friend. "I always said your high spirit would cost you your life. For God's sake! will no one go for a doctor?"

A deafening outburst of laughter was the only reply to this appeal, and the second was about to indulge in an indignant outburst at this exhibition of inhumanity, when Mr. Potts rolled on his back, and the inky nature of the fluid which covered his face and shirt-front was revealed.

At the same time Mr. Piper noticed the syringe which Eli had thrown down, and the entire affair became suddenly clear to him.

With an oath of disgust he leaped to his feet and hurried away, leaving Mr. Potts to be scrubbed partially clean by a couple of stable-boys, and the crowd to disperse.

[To be continued.]

"Eli and Tip" was commenced in [illegible].

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A BOY finished his education and looked around for employment. He was a bright lad, with a healthy organism and a resolute heart. His father had given him all he had to give, and the boy took his bundle and turned his steps toward the city. There was nothing about him to insure success, apparently, that ninety boys out of a hundred did not have. Young as he was, he had some rules. He would keep out of bad company. He would go into no business that was not reputable. He would not be idle. He would take any business, even if the pay was poor, that would give him a living. He would try to make every position a stepping-stone to something better. Whatever he did he would do cheerfully, and do it well. His uncle once told him that civility was a poor man's capital. He had some of that stock and proposed to invest it. He trotted around a week, asking the stereotyped question:

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

Nobody wanted a boy. Endurance was one of his traits, and he held on. A man kept a small seed-store just off Broadway. He wanted a boy, but he could not pay much. Position, not money, was what the boy was after, and he thankfully accepted the place. The work was hard, the pay poor. He shirked nothing and never grumbled. His cheery, smart way of doing things attracted the attention of the bank where his master kept his account. He was offered a place in the institution. His heart bounded at the offer. He was too honorabe to take advantage of his employer, so he went to the store and talked to him.

"I do not want you to go," said the man; "but you are worth a great deal more than I can afford to pay you."

The next week he was installed as check-clerk. The business of the bank was very large. It was mainly with market-men, and the checks were small. Out of a hundred not two would be over ten dollars. The work was immense.

One day a porter said to the young clerk, "Your work is hard and your pay is small; you can never rise in this bank. A new bank is to be opened Monday; they want a check-clerk. Why don't you apply?" "I know you very well," said the officer. "I would be very glad to have you in the bank, but I cannot pay you any more than you are now getting. You would have to take the lowest round of the financial ladder, and I don't see what you would gain." "I see," said the discerning lad; "give me the position and I'll run the chances." In four months he kept the individual ledger. In six months he was a bookkeeper. In a few months he was receiving-teller. In ten years from the time he first entered the bank he was elected cashier to one of the largest moneyed institutions of New York.

He had marked financial talent. He learned the principle of banking. He knew every principle that underlaid the system. He had the intuition of a woman. He was an influential and judicious adviser. He took the measure of a man at a glance, and seldom made a mistake. He came earlier and left later than any of his associates. He lent a helping hand to every department. If a clerk wanted an hour's absence he supplied his place. If a young man was bothered or in trouble he would assist him. With the customers of the bank he was eminently popular. As it neared three o'clock, and the rush became uneasy, in his pleasant way he would say, "Don't crowd, gentlemen, don't crowd; you shall have plenty of time." When discounts would be denied or ugly customers were to be dealt with in the bank, the young teller was put forward to do the unpleasant work. His bland and pleasant manner disarmed the disappointment of half the sting.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

IN the County Donegal, Ireland, once lived two brothers; one was very rich, and the other a ne'er-do-well with a large family.

John and James lived close by each other, John in a fine palace and James in a mud hovel.

One biting cold Winter's day James went to his brother's house to beg some money or bread, for his children were starving.

His brother, tired of his importunities, told him that if he would do as he was told he would give him money, and he made him take a fearful oath to make it the more binding.

He faithfully promised him, took the money and set out on his journey home, but seeing a wee shebeen by the roadside, he thought he would just take "one drap this cowld mornin'."

But poor Jim had one weakness, and that was tasting and tasting until his money was all gone.

After spending his last penny, and not daring to break his oath nor face his famished children, he set out upon his journey to fulfill his vow.

He traveled all day long and far into the night until he was near exhausted, and seeing a light in the distance, he thought to sleep there and ask for his supper.

Arriving at the woodshed, an old man was splitting wood, and looking up at the approaching footsteps thus accosted him:

"Well, my good man, and where would ye be journ'in' the night?"

"To hell," said Jim; "but I'm nearly famished wid the hunger."

"Troth, an' if that's where ye're bound ye needn't go no further, for here it is. Well, go into the house and look behind the door, and ye'll find a little coffee-mill, and bring it to me; but look out for the wee folk that they do not kill ye."

Suffice to say that he obtained the mill after a hard struggle, and the old man told how to wish them start the mill and he would get his wish. Then he showed him how to stop it.

He took it home, made a fine dinner, and invited all his neighbors to dine; gave them the richest wines to drink out of golden cups, until it was noised abroad that Jim had a fortune left him.

Months after, his brother hearing, and envious of his good fortune, got him intoxicated and borrowed the machine and took it home, telling his wife that she might go out to the harvest, and that he would get dinner for the men.

About noon he got the mill and started it making broth, filling the plates, the pans, and everything in the house, but he couldn't stop it until he flooded the house with soup.

Starting for the fields with the machine pouring out a stream of soup at his heels, he called upon his brother, who was there, to stop it.

This was finally done, and some sailors coming along, who had visited the island for the purpose of buying salt, put it on board their vessel and started it making salt. It filled the ship, so the sailors fled, and the ship sunk to the bottom, where that machine still continues to make salt, and that is the reason why the sea is so salty.

CHASED BY AN ELK.

IT is well-known to the citizens of Council Bluffs that T. Fletcher, of that city, has a large elk which he obtained from one of the numerous circus combinations that visited that town during the past season. For convenience the animal is tethered to a stake not far from the sidewalk during the day-time, and there he was a few days ago when a stranger passed along the walk not many feet distant from him. Through carelessness in securing the rope to the stake, or from some cause or other, it was not fastened as it should have been, and offered no resistance whatever when the ruminant mammal made a dash at the unsuspecting pedestrian. Realizing at once that he was "in for it," and that a huge antlered elk was a most undesirable opponent with which to contend, the gentleman gave leg bail for himself and his life in good style, and to the infinite amusement of those who fancied themselves sufficiently distant from his elkship to be out of all danger.

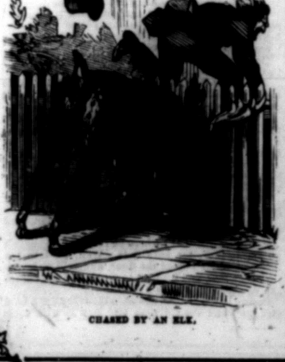
Among these latter was Rosecrans, well-known to all who patronize the Council Bluffs and Omaha Street Railway Line. He was standing on or near the corner of Broadway and Centre Streets at the time, and by some means or other attracted the attention of the elk, which, if we may be allowed to canjecture, was beginning to feel itself trifled with somewhat. Abandoning the chase of the stranger, the animal made "lickity-brindle" for Rosey, who at once realized that discretion, in such cases, at least, was the better part of valor. Accordingly he took to his heels up Centre Street, toward his residence, but soon discovering that the now thoroughly infuriated animal was rapidly gaining on him, he cleared the fence at one bound, and alighted among the sunflowers on the other side of the inclosure. His feet had barely touched the earth when the huge antlers came crashing against the fence. Fortunately for Rosey they became locked between the boards, and held the elk a prisoner, thus permitting Rosey to secure the end of the rope with which he had formerly been tied. To make him fast to the fence was the work of a moment. Rosey has come to the conclusion that hunting elk isn't his forte, nor what it is "cracked up" to be, and 'tis said that whenever the little circumstance detailed above is mentioned, he invariably "smiles." Those who saw him chasing the elk, says that his speed was greatly superior to that ever made by any Blackfeet Indians, or even by a Comanche on horseback.

A DOG AND ORIOLE FIGHT.

AN incident interesting to students of natural history occurred recently at a house in Rochester, N. Y. In front of the house a small tree is growing, in which an oriole took up its abode, building a nest and evincing a desire to raise a family. The owner of the house has a spaniel. From the time the oriole began to build its nest it exhibited a marked antipathy to the dog, flying at him boldly whenever he came in front of the house, and pecking him until he retired from the field. This occurred several times, the bird always coming off victorous. Of late the oriole has shown more objection than common to the dog, perhaps because there are now some young ones in the nest. One day the unhappy spaniel came out to lie on the front steps, but was not allowed to enjoy his rest unbroken, for the oriole swept down on him, pecked his back, flapped his wings in his eyes, and made it so uncomfortable for him that the dog ran into the house. But his trouble did not end here, for the bird went into the house after him, beating him continually.

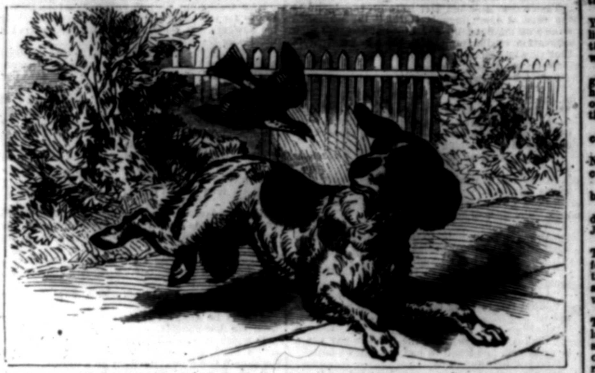
BRUIN AS A REFORMER.

PETER HENDERSON, Esq., is a prominent citizen of the town of Antrim, Maryland. He has his hobbies. One of these is law and order. He is in perpetual war with the liquor-dealers, and woe betide those who sell spirituous fluids without license, or without regard to the Sabbath. Another hobby is pets. Not kittens or canaries; they would scarcely do for a man of his weight and dignity, social and avoirdupois. No, his pets are of a larger growth, and among them is a big black bear.



CHASED BY AN ELK.

Bruin thinks of instituting a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and thinks that since slavery is abolished, he ought not to be kept in durance as if he were poor white trash. The consequence is that he takes his liberty when he can.



A DOG AND ORIOLE FIGHT.—A ONE-SIDED FIGHT BETWEEN A DOG AND AN ORILE AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A curious fact is that he makes straight for a liquor saloon in the neighborhood. We do not know whether this is to show that he does not at all share his master's ideas, or whether he is a reprobate and has acquired a taste for liquor. But perhaps we wrong him, and that he is really a good member of the Law and Order Society.

Certainly he is a very efficient member, and does more than all the other members, even with the aid of the police. It is a spectacle worth witnessing to see him enter a crowded saloon where the glasses are clinking and all is boisterous and merry. As Bruin comes in, thud, thud, the merry-makers think it is some one who has already imbibed too freely and do not notice, but when he reaches the bar glasses are dropped, a general rush takes place, and in less time than it takes to tell it the saloon is emptied, and not a tippler ventures in for half an hour.

THE STORY OF A TICKET-AGENT.

"WESTERN train's gone, ma'am," said Farmer Brown, coming into the waiting-room of the little depot.

"The train I was to take?" I said, gasping.

"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the next Western train due?"

"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours to wait. Be dretful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that lives in t'other part o' the house—s'pose I tote you in there? I know Mrs. Holly'll give you a bite o' suthin' ter eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her spare bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is—I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you, sir. I dare say that I'll be quite comfortable here."

"Wall, jess as you please. But now I must be goin'. Hope you'll git to your journey's end safe, ma'am. Good-by!"

And Farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the solitary building dignified by the name of depot, and when the time came for me to return home she placed me in the care of a neighboring farmer who was going to a distant village, and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave away, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After Farmer Brown left me I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying on the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall-paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window, and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places! Wonder why this is an exception?" I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "Oh, probably the place is kept clean by the Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues Farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?"

I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartments.

"Come in!" said a cheery voice, and, entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of buff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains, festooned with ivy, hung at the windows, and here and there were books, brackets, pictures and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so "*homey*", and pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay in a white-draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of golden hair falling over his white brow, and a great, red, velvety-rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three years—a little mite of a woman, with a bright, dark face vividly colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair wound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She arose with a smile when I entered.

"Excuse me; but may I trouble you for a glass of water?" I said.

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me," and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a salver covered with a snow-white napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious red strawberries, and a plate of sponge-cake light as yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if I take too great a liberty; but, you see, Farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are!" I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to me. If you are hot and dusty perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. If so, just step in here."

And she led the way into a little white bedroom—the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal who had sat in the hot waiting-room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman, and, after the manner of our sex, we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was lying languidly upon her comfortable sofa, and she seated in her low rocking-chair, stitching away at her baby's dress, she told me the one romance of her life.

"I have lived in this little depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here, and he served the company so long and so well that, when he died, they kindly allowed me to remain in his place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraphy, and all the other work. About a year after father's death I became acquainted with Jack—Jack Holly—my husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and is now, too), and everybody considers him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are! The weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"'A weak white girl held all his heartstrings in her small, white hand,'" I said.

"Yes; and I dare say I often pulled Jack's heartstrings rather hard. But he was gentle and patient when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap, who engaged board for the Summer at a farmhouse in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well-dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls. Jack was kind and well-mannered, but he didn't have a bit of *style* about him, and *style* was what I doted on in those days; so I snubbed Jack and smiled on Mr. Devarges when he offered his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave and sad, he came into the ticket-office. The last passenger had gone, and the train was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take freight.

"'Well, how long is this thing going to last?' said Jack.

"'What thing?' I snapped out.

"'Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going beyond a mere flirtation.'

"'Pray, what of it?'

"'Only that I do not wish my future wife's name joined with that of a——' Jack paused, then added earnestly: 'Well, I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?'

"'Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than one can say of some others,' I said, hotly; and then some demon prompted me to add, 'And Mr. Holly, in regard to your *future wife*, I believe I do not aspire to that honor—and—and—here is your ring.' I drew off the little golden band and handed it to him.

"'Nell, do you mean this?' inquired Jack, with white lips.

"'Yes, I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticising. The affair may be ended now and for ever,' pettishly.

"'So be it, then. Good-by,' said Jack, and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth, I hadn't meant half that I said, and every minute expected that Jack would kiss me, and we'd 'make up.' But now he had gone 'for ever.' A mist came over my eyes as I watched his fast-disappearing train, and I would have indulged in a good cry, but just then 'the special' came puffing up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman, whom I had known since I was a wee girl.

"'Good-day, Miss Nellie. Everything prosperous, I hope? Will you do a favor for me?'

"'Certainly, sir, if I can.'

"'Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a gentleman who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and now I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up into the woods to see about laying out a new railroad. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I'm gone?'

"'If you'll trust me.'

"'Bless my soul! yes, of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good-morning.'

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in.

"'Got quite a little sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie?' eying the bills in my hand.

"'Yes,' I replied, laughing. 'Mr. Sayre has made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars. How rich I should feel if it were mine!'

"'You deserve to have much more, and doubtlessly that pretty face'll win it.'

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said:

"'Take a chair, Mr. Devarges.'

"'No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But will you allow me to call on you this evening?'

"'Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mother and sister Lulu are away, and a little while ago I got word from grandma, saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her.'

"It was true that I had received such word from grandma, but I had no thought of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack would come and make up, and of course I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges call at the same time.'

"'What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?' carelessly inquired Mr. Devarges.

"'Oh, I shall put it right here in this drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly secure.'

"'Dare say. Good-morning,' and, with a courtly bow, my admirer left.

"All during the day I busied myself about my duties, and when night came I put on the dress Jack liked best, and anxiously waited his coming.

"Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! nine o'clock! The last train had come and gone, and my duties for the day were over. I put out the light in the ticket-office, went into the sitting-room, and sat and waited. Ten o'clock! half-past ten! No use waiting any longer—he wouldn't come.

"I went to the door, opened it, and looked out. There seemed something weird about the whole landscape. Even the shadows seemed alive. The sky was becoming overcast, and the moon peeped out of an inky-black cloud. The frogs down by the river were croaking dismally, the wind seemed to whisper and moan.

"I shivered with a nameless dread and closed the door. Went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought, but on reaching my hand to remove it I found that it was a handkerchief saturated with—what? *Chloroform!*

"A thrill of horror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?

"I half arose and gazed about me. All was dark, except a little ray of light falling through the partially closed door.

"I silently arose, and just then almost screamed in fear when a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to soothe its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and glanced into the sitting-room. No one was there, but some one *was* in the ticket-office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money!—oh, the money left in my charge! Somebody stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position!

"'Rather lose life!' I said to myself. 'I'll defend that money unto death!' and I looked about for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office-door. The light fell upon the mirror, reflecting my figure, and I've often thought since, with a sick feeling of horror, what a picture of desperation I was, clad in my flowing, white night-dress, my hair all unbound, my face white as marble, and eyes dilated and glittering with a strange, steely light.

"'God aid me!' I said, with white lips, and then, opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man, with his back toward me, was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money, and was looking gloatingly at the crisp, green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him when he glanced around.

"My God! It was Clarence Devarges!

"'Hang it! now I suppose I'll have to kill this pretty'—he seized me by the throat, and uttering a faint cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark.

"For the first time in my life I fainted.

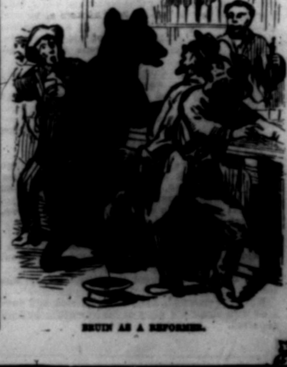
"When I recovered Jack's face was bending tenderly over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arm about his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"'Aren't you hurt, Jack?'

"'Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol-wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but it will prevent his escape.'

"'How came you there?'

"'Why, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again; but tonight, after I came home, I made up my mind to come around and try to 'make up.' It was pretty late, between nine and ten, when I came, and who should I see prowling around but Devarges. Thinks



BRUIN AS A REFORMER.

I, 'What does he want? If he's come a-courting why don't he go in, instead of peeping in at the window?'

"'I rather thought he was a scamp, because, when I was in the city yesterday the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and 'blackleg' had come up in these parts. He gave a description, and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a mustache. And, by-the-way, Nell, that silky mustache you so admired was false, and fell off in our scuffle.

"'Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I'd see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you, and I heard him mutter: "The deuce take it! She is at home, after all. What the deuce made her say she was going to her grandmother's for? Now, I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird's asleep."

"'So he sat down under one tree and I under another. We both saw you when you opened the door and looked out. After you had been in bed about an hour Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp I also got in at the window, and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know all the rest.'

"'Jack,' said I, tearfully, 'you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?'

"Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story, ma'am—my only romance.

"There! the baby has woke up. See him stretch out his little arms. I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him? He isn't a bit afraid of strangers."

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCOUTS ON THEIR RECONNOISSANCE—MICKEY O'ROONEY GETS IN TROUBLE.

LEAVING the whites under the charge of Colonel Melville, to await the return of the scouts, we must tell what a strange mishap befell them while engaged on this duty.

Any one acquainted with the two men, and knowing their jovial disposition, which manifested itself on almost every occasion, would have seen, from their manner and bearing, that they were oppressed by the weight of some serious trouble.

They were accustomed to all the perils inseparable from one of the most perilous callings in the wide world, but their solicitude now was for those depending upon their bravery and skill.

"I don't believe thar's a chance for them to git in," said Jim, after they had ridden quite a distance in silence.

"It's the opinion of the undersigned," replied Mickey, with a sigh that showed his feelings were stirred to the very depths, "if the owld rapch was standing like a lighthouse along the coast, we could run 'em in there, the same as they used to run me in the station-house in New Orleans to kaap me from injuring them as got in my way; but that is gone, and they're turned adrift."

"Ef I war sartin that things war all right at McAtee, I'd start right straight fur that p'int; but 'cording to my way of thinkin', it's more likely that Captain Thompson is in a worse scrape than ar' Colonel Bailey hisself."

"The chance that I see," continued Mickey, in the same thoughtful vein, "is that Lone Wolf, finding he can't pick up the fort and run off with it, will give it up and l'ave, and in that issue, why, we can run the folks in, and then we shall have the spalpeens on the hip."

"The chance is a mighty slim one, for if the ripscallion is druv off, his men will scatter all over the country, and will be sartin to find that we've got our hands more nor full, and then they'll go for us—and then?"

The Irishman shuddered.

"I'm afeard that it'll take a dozen Phantoms of the Prairie to pull 'em out of the muss; and while we're on this interisting subject, Jim, I may as well tell ye that I'm unaisy about that Snooks that give us the slip last night."

"What do you think, Mickey?"

"Worrah, worrah! Now, Jim, it's yersilf that knows what I'm thinking, for ye are thinking the same thing. We know aich ither well enough, my boy, that we needn't thry to desave aich ither. I belave that Mr. Snooks is an enemy to us all, and ye think the same."

"I've 'spected it iver since he took that sneakin' way of giving us the slip. If he'd come out like a man and said that he had business which took him away, I wouldn't have thought anything of it; such doings may do in the settlements, but they won't here, where he's among decent people."

"The only thing that puzzles and makes me think we may do him injoostice is that he saams to be on good terms with the Phantom, and *he's* a friend to us—there's no wiping that out."

"Can't it be that he's turning the Phantom agin us?"

The Irishman started as if he was shot.

"'Tis an awful thought that niver come to me till ye brought it just now; but if there's truth in it, and I fear there is, then, Jim, we're gone up."

"I hope I'm wrong, but we may as waal look at things in every light. Ef he's made an enemy of the Phantom, then we can't do anything but git out of the country or stay and go under."

"We've got the colonel and the rest of the folks to look after, and that will have to be done if we are sure of goin' under."

Long Sim Shafto reached his horny palm across from his saddle and shook hands with the Irishman, saying, with deep feeling:

"Them's the sentiments I've allers traveled under. Ef we should desart them in thar trouble, the good Lord would desart us, and He would sarve us right."

"I knowed that ye felt that way, and we're in for it, and we'll go ahead and trust to Providence to fetch us out all right. He'll do it, sure."

Talking and speculating in this manner, they reached a point at last where they were able to gain a view of the fort and learn what was going on, though that was already more than suspected.

Mickey had brought a field-glass with him, and as they halted on the top of an elevation, it was turned in the direction of the fort.

There stood the parallelogram, like the dark walls of some frontier prison, while from a flagstaff in the centre floated the Star-spangled Banner, in a breeze so light that, for most of the night-time it flapped listlessly against the pole.

Seen thus, it looked as quiet and peaceful as though no rifle had ever flashed from its port-holes, or from the top of its walls.

The reports of the guns having ceased, Mickey was looking for this but; he was disappointed in not being able to detect any of the assailants that had caused all this turmoil.

Long Jim took the glass and made the effort also, but he reported that not a warrior was visible anywhere in the neighborhood of Fort Sheridan.

The cause agreed upon for this was that the attack had been so completely repulsed that Lone Wolf—if he were the leader—gave up the hope altogether.

The Irishman was so well convinced that such was the fact that he proposed they should go back after the rest of the folks and enter the fort with them without any further delay.

His companion pointed to the wooded hollow through which the trail led, and which must be crossed before the post could be reached.

"We must first find whether any of the varmints ar' in thar or not, afore we take them into that place. Ef thar happened to be any of the imps thar, it would make a bad scrape all round."

The propabilities were that there were no Apaches in the path, but the scout was only prudent when he insisted that they should make themselves certain on that point, before trusting the safety of the whites in such an inextricable place.

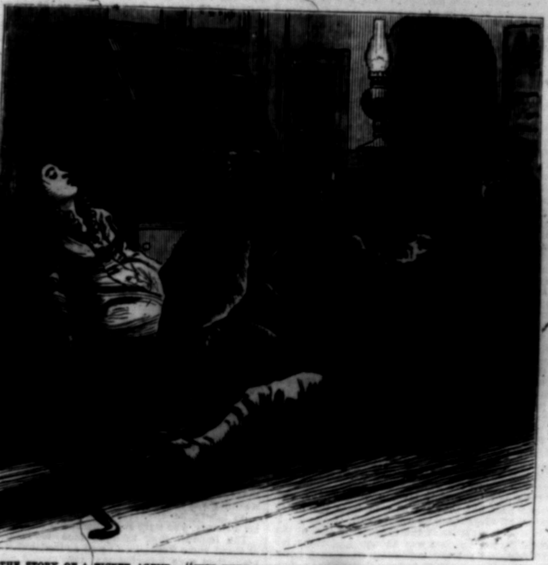
As was their practice when engaged jointly upon such an enterprise, the scouts separated.

One went to the right and the other to the left.

The trail which had connected Melville Ranch for years with Fort Sheridan led through the open country for the greater part of the way.

It was inevitable that at a few places it should be very dangerous on account of the tempting opportunities it offered to the redskins to lie in wait and attack a foe unawares.

One of the worst spots was the one that separated them now from the fort, and which they had set out to reconnoitre.



THE STORY OF A TICKET AGENT.—"JUST THEN JACK—MY OWN DEAR JACK—RUSHED IN. I HEARD OATHS, BLOWS, FIERCE STRUGGLING—THEN ALL WAS DARK. I FAINTED."

The land sank down into a sort of swamp, where the undergrowth and wood was dense, and through the middle of which coursed a stream of water, narrow and deep in all parts except that through which the trail ran to the fort.

This, it will be seen, was a good place for an ambush of the Indians, when they had reason to look for the coming of any one over the trail.

They could conceal themselves so well that, unless the greatest precaution was taken, the first intimation of their presence would be the crack of the death-dealing rifle and the whizz of the tomahawk.

It will be admitted, therefore, that it was only a matter of duty on the part of the scouts to make sure that the way was clear before they led their friends forward.

Though the attacking Apaches were invisible, there were many ways in which they might have disappeared without taking to the inviting cover so near the fort.

If sharply repulsed, they would naturally get out of the neighborhood and turn their attention elsewhere.

Such, we say, was the probability, provided that Lone Wolf knew nothing of the predicament of Colonel Melville and his friends.

But was he ignorant on that point?

The fact that the great war-chief was seen but such a short time before in a different direction was presumptive evidence that he took no part in the blowing up of the ranch, but that it was intrusted to entirely different hands.

But it could not be imagined that such an astute warrior was unaware of what his own followers had done.

It was more than likely that Lone Wolf himself conceived the plan of removing that which had so long been an eyesore to him.

Be that as it may, there could be no doubt that he knew all about it long ago.

And knowing it, what more likely than that he would reason that the whites, on finding themselves deprived of a home in this summary manner, would start for Fort Sheridan at once?

Such was the thread of speculation that had been running through the head of the two scouts for the last half hour.

It was that, too, which caused them to approach their work with the greatest care, and with the resolve that no mistake should be made about it.

Their plan was to strike the stream at a point fully a quarter of a mile apart, and then gradually approach each other, until they should meet at the trail, when the question would be decided.

Mickey O'Rooney rode a little beyond the proper distance before he made his sudden wheel to the right, and galloped down to the swamp, or thicket, where he sprang off his mustang and began his work. This was very simple.

He entered the dense undergrowth, which was really more of a thicket than a swamp, and gradually worked his way up the stream toward the trail.

Long Jim Shafto did the same, and they were so experienced in the business that if there were any Indians before them they were sure to find it out.

When they had progressed some distance in this manner and had found the way clear, their custom was to steal out to the margin of the thicket and cautiously signal to the steed in waiting.

The latter was so well trained that he would hasten to the spot at once, and again await his master's pleasure.

By this means the indispensable and intelligent animal was kept within call, and could be reached within a minute or two, if it should become necessary for the scout to make an instant retreat.

Mickey O'Rooney had pursued his reconnoissance but a short distance when he became satisfied that there were Apaches in ambush, and that, had the attempt been made to lead the whites forward to the fort as he had proposed, all would have been captured and massacred.

Precisely how the Irishman learned that he had redskins in his front he would [illegible] found it hard to tell even to himself, but he was [illegible] perfectly satisfied on the point, that he paused to consider whether he ought to stop where he was and turn back, or whether he should persevere a little longer

"The spalpeens are here," he muttered, as he paused and peered carefully around in the thicket. "They are here, jist as it was me coostom whin in the owld counthry to be at every fair for the chance of cracking a few heads, and that being the case, we might as well turn back and take the folks toward some other p'int. It will save—Whist!"

The cause of this caution to himself was a faint whinny from his horse.

There was no doubt that this meant something, and he turned at once to learn what it was.

The signal from the mustang at such a time was a warning that enemies were at hand, and Mickey moved as fast as he could in the direction of the point whence it came.

Quick as he was, he was too late to reach the steed ahead of an Apache warrior who had fixed his envious eyes upon him.

Just as Mickey came out of the thicket, a few rods away from where the animal stood, he saw a huge Apache Indian leap upon his back and start away with him.

"Whist there!" called out the angered Mickey; "do ye drap the crather or I will drap the likes of ye!"

The Indian heard the call, as he showed by turning his head and looking in the direction whence it came.

But he paid no heed to it, nevertheless, as he probably expected to be able to dash away with the stolen property before the real owner could interfere.

Once upon his back and careering over the prairie, he could manage to interpose the body of the mustang between himself and the white man in such a skillful manner that the only way in which the rider could be reached by the bullet would be by sending it through the steed, and the chance of doing it would be slight.

Mickey took that view of it, and when he saw that the dog was determined to take his horse away at all hazards, he raised his rifle and bored his skull clean through with his rifle ball!

Then, as the Irishman said, the savage changed his mind, and concluded to leave the steed where he was.

Mickey, knowing there were other of the redskins about, signaled to his horse, and, at the same time, started toward him on a run to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies.

But the danger was greater even than the scout supposed.

His mustang seemed to be bewildered in some way or other, and instead of galloping toward his master, wheeled about and cantered back, as if he fancied the call came from that direction.

Shouting to him again, and giving utterance to an impatient expression, Mickey started on a full run to head him off.

Instead of succeeding in doing that, he found himself headed off by some six or eight Indians.

He took one glance at them, and saw that they were too numerous to engage in a "row," and, without a second's hesitation, he wheeled and sped at full run for the cover of the thicket.

It would have been no difficult matter for the redskins to have shot the fugitive down, for the distance was so short, and there were so many of them, that they could not have failed.

Mickey expected to be brought low in this way, but the only sounds he heard were the whoops that seemed to be meant more for signals for some of the rest than as demonstrations of triumph over the apparently certain capture of the white man.

The Irishman never lost his presence of mind, no matter how great the peril, and he strained every nerve to reach the cover of the undergrowth, where he would gain a chance to help himself by manœuvring against the redskins.

He was within a few feet—for Mickey was fleet—when, as if there was to be no help for him, three Apaches sprang up from the undergrowth and threw themselves directly across his path.

It so happened that the fugitive, in making for the shelter, had gone straight for the point where this trio of Apaches were awaiting his coming.

It looked, indeed, as if there was no way of escape; but Mickey was not the man to despair so long as he was able to move an arm and leg.

He had discharged his rifle, and there was no time to draw his pistol.

It would have done him no good if he had held it in his hand.

The redskins were all around him.

If he should wheel about and start backward, he would have thrown himself into their arms.

If he should leap to the right or left it would have been the same.

Immediately in front were the three Apaches, so eager for their victim that they had advanced a step to meet him.

Manifestly, the only thing possible was to stand still and surrender or fight.

Mickey O'Rooney, of course, chose the latter.

In a twinkling he had clubbed his gun so as to make it a sort of shillalah, and the instant the first red man came within reach he let drive at him, and hit him, too!

When we say that Mickey struck the warrior, it is superfluous to add that the latter went down, and "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

This was so similar to the rows in which he had been engaged while at the fairs in the old country, that it possessed a certain charm, and, had he been confronted by similar foes, he would have pronounced it the highest kind of enjoyment.

But there was a deadly earnestness on both sides, which robbed it of that rollicking fun so essential in a row of that character.

The second Indian was leveled, and so was the third.

Mickey was doing so well that he cleared a sort of space about him, and he might have fought the cowardly assailants off had they been fewer in number.

But they were crowding more rapidly than was convenient, and they began to elbow him so fast that he was scarcely able to keep up his end of the log.

Unless some unexpected change should take place within the next few minutes, Mickey O'Rooney was altogether overmatched, and must succumb and throw up the sponge.

The hard-pressed fellow cast a hurried glance around, in the hope of catching sight of Long Jim on his way to his help, or some of the soldiers from the fort, but there was no one to be seen.

Still he did not think of surrender.

When the Apaches were so close that he was deprived of the room in which to swing his shillalah freely, he dropped the gun and went at it with his fists.

He was skilled in the use of nature's weapons, and he made things exceedingly lively for a time.

A spectator standing near would have seen very little except red legs in the air and bronzed skulls going down.

They tumbled and rolled over each other in a way that looked as if they were striving as to who could fall and get up again the oftenest.

The Apaches might have shot, or tomahawked or knifed the brave Irishman a dozen times, but no effort was made to do so.

It was evident that they were bent on taking him prisoner.

What took place was enacted in a tenth of the time we have taken to describe it.

Seeing that he had no earthly chance, as long as he stood where he was, Mickey began a cautious retreat toward the thicket, with a faint hope that he might be able to reach that and obtain something like a foothold against his enemies.

It looked for an instant as if there was a chance of his accomplishing this.

But the moment that he made the attempt, that moment his assailants saw his intention, and took measures to defeat it.

One of the red scamps had the audacity to stoop down upon the ground directly behind the slowly retreating Irishman, who had no thought of any such trick.

The first notice he received of it was by his heels striking against the obstruction, just as the game is sometimes played among a lot of school-boys.

Mickey couldn't save himself, but went over with his head down and his heels so high in air that he narrowly escaped turning a back somersault.

He made a desperate effort to regain his feet, but the Apaches crowded upon him, and before he could do so he was a prisoner, beyond all power of extricating himself.

"Traat me as I traated *ye*," said the Irishman, when he found he was captured. "I acted toward ye as if ye was me brothers, and this was the raal owld Tipperary fair. Ye can't say that I didn't tap ye in a shtyle that must have touched your hearts with the ramimbrances of Ireland and the gim of the sea."

This appeal was thrown away, for it cannot be supposed that the captors of the Irishman got all the points, and if they had, they were not the folks to feel the pathos of the appeal.

Now that they had the great scout whom they learned to fear long since, they meant to keep him until they could torture him to death in their own way.

Several lassoes were produced, and the Apaches proved their experience in the business by binding the Irishman so tightly that he could scarcely move an arm.

His elbows were fastened behind him and his wrists were also joined together.

It would be supposed that this was painful, and yet the cunning redskins managed to do it in such a skillful way that it occasioned the victim no suffering at all excepting in spirit at finding himself unable to use the fists which had done him such good service.

The legs were left free, as the Apaches did not hold them in much dread, though he had done something in the kicking business.

"It looks very much as if an Irishman by the name of Mickey O'Rooney had got hisself into trouble, and he isn't going to find it an aisy matter for him to git out agin."

Such was the soliloquy of the captive as he looked around in the face of the redskins, as if in the hope of discovering some one among them that he had seen before, but he was disappointed.

They were all utter strangers to him.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OTHER SCOUT IN A FIX.

LONG JIM SHAFTO possessed that confidence in the skill and shrewdness of his friend Mickey O'Rooney that he never dreamed of anything going amiss with him.

When he heard the report of his rifle, he supposed it likely that he had exchanged shots with an Apache, which was so much the worst for the Apache.

His method of procedure was very similar to that of his friend.

He dismounted and entered the thicket, stealing along through the margin, examining the ground in front so carefully that no redskin could avoid discovery from him.

His mustang kept him company the same as did the horse of Mickey for him, but there was a better understanding between the equine and his master in the case of the American than of the Irishman.

It was, perhaps, because the two had hunted longer in each other's company, and the animal of Long Jim was therefore better "informed."

The horse kept abreast of him, and seemed to anticipate his movements so intelligently that there was no need of Jim giving himself any concern about him.

In his careful manner the scout kept along, watching and reconnoitring with the thoroughness of one who knew that the lives of others were depending upon his skill.

However, he passed rod after rod without detecting the least sign of the redskins being anywhere in the neighborhood, and he began to hope that the way was clear for the whites to make their march into Fort Sheridan.

True, there was that report which had come from the direction of his partner, and he could not feel very certain on the point until he should meet and learn what Mickey had to say.

The stream along which he stole so carefully had a winding course, causing such a deflection in the thicket and the route that Jim followed that he could see nothing of the Irishman nor his horse, nor indeed of the Apaches who were gathered about him.

At the very time the Irishman was engaged in his desperate hand-to-hand struggle, Long Jim Shafto believed he was stealing along through the thicket in the same fashion as himself.

Owing to some strange fatality, he failed to hear the whoops that went up at the time the chase was under way.

Had he known the fearful danger of his friend, he would have remounted his mustang and charged right among the redskins to the assistance of Mickey.

And when Long Jim Shafto got his blood up and went in on that line, he made the feathers fly.

But, as we have intimated, Jim neither knew nor suspected anything of the kind.

He continued stealing along in his guarded manner, even after the Irishman had been bound and led away.

Long Jim gradually approached the place where the trail led across the stream, and where he expected to meet his companion.

He was but a short distance away, and had come out of the thicket for the purpose of looking around, when his suspicion was excited by the action of his mustang, upon which he was depending for help in pulling through any difficulty.

The horse was a short distance from him, and was standing with his head thrown up and his ears pointed toward the very place where the trail led across the stream.

The scout held his rifle in hand, and he gazed in the same direction, but he could discover nothing to cause the alarm of the beast.

That there was good cause he was well satisfied from his knowledge of the animal, and he entered among the undergrowth for the purpose of finding out what it meant.

His fear became actual conviction when he caught the snapping of a twig, and he then knew that some redskin was creeping toward him.

"Let him come," he growled; "I've had 'em try that same thing afore on me, and they never made much on it yet. Ef that ar varmint thinks he can beat 'em all, why, let him try it, and see whar he comes out."

At this juncture the scout found himself close to a fallen tree, behind which he took refuge.

The undergrowth at this place was so dense that he could not see a dozen feet ahead of where he halted.

But he knew there was a deadly enemy near at hand, and he meant to wait where he was until he could draw him out.

Crouching down so as to conceal his body, he kept perfectly motionless while he listened.

Not the least sound reached his ear to tell where his enemy was.

There was a mass of matted vegetation very close to the earth, which looked as if it were entwined around a rock or large stone, and Jim strongly suspected that his foe was in hiding there.

The situation was very ticklish, for the reason that it was certain that the Indian also knew of the presence of his mortal enemy.

If the scout should raise his head, he might display just enough to give the Apache the target he was waiting for.

And yet, dangerous as it was, something of the kind had to be done, for no man can fight a battle by idleness.

The distance was so short that the pistol was a better weapon than the rifle, and Jim let his gun lie down beside him, while he stealthily cocked his pistol and held it ready for instant use.

The scout now moved his head along the length of the log, until he was close to one end, when he quietly peered around.

Looking toward the matted mass in his front, he was unable to distinguish anything, but he was convinced he heard the softest possible rustling, as if the Indian was also engaged in shifting his position.

Strange that Jim couldn't see him. He was very near, and he must be a veteran at the business, from the way in which he behaved.

The fear of the white man was that if he fooled too long here, the rest of the Apaches might gather, and the complications were likely to become of the most serious character.

He determined, therefore, to force the fighting.

With the pistol grasped and thrust out so as to be in the best position to fire, he raised his head and looked straight over the log.

By a strange coincidence the Apache did the same, and the singular occurrence was that at precisely the same moment the two confronted and saw each other plainly.

Long Jim descried the painted face peering at him from above the matted undergrowth, the picture being as alarming as one would wish to see.

The warrior, on his part, was given a view of the bearded face of the great scout who had laid so many of his people low.

It was a curious phase of a curious warfare, and there was a single instant during which the two stared at each other in perfect silence.

It was on occasions like this that the wonderful superiority and readiness of the scout displayed itself.

It looked as if neither possessed an iota of time by way of advantage, but Jim was ahead.

Before the warrior could duck his head out of range, the pistol was fired, and he gave his death-yell.

Jim sprang to his feet with an impatient exclamation.

That death-shriek of the Apache was sure to play the mischief.

There were plenty of his comrades around him, and they would be there in a twinkling.

It was the aim of the scout to get away as quickly as he could travel.

The natural course for him to take was to make for his horse, which he had left but a short distance away.

A few of his tremendous bounds carried him to the margin of the thicket, where he looked around for the faithful animal.

But he was nowhere to be seen. He recollected the exact spot where he had left him standing when he entered the undergrowth, and he knew that he would not have gone far unless some one had taken him.

But the scout was not given much time to speculate as to what had become of his mustang.

As he feared, the yell of the Apache had reached the ears of more than one of his comrades, and they were making all haste to the spot whence it came.

Jim was still fearfully near the scene of his encounter with the Apache, and the sounds of trampling feet convinced him that it would not do to remain any longer.

Hoping yet that he might catch sight of Hurricane, that had stood by him in so many dilemmas, he hurried along the edge of the thicket, taking a course that led him back over his own trail, as it may be termed.

At this moment, when he was looking around for sight of his mustang, he discovered instead that which he did not wish to see.

An exulting whoop caused him to turn his head, and there were two Apaches running along the thicket in the same direction as himself, and not more than fifty yards behind him.

Had Jim felt sure there were no others, he would have run no further, but turned about and settled the dispute then and there.

But there were others, and prudence demanded that he should lose no time by entering into a hand-to-hand struggle with them.

There were few Indians that could equal the speed of Long Jim Shafto, and when he undertook to run, went at it to win.

But it appears as if, on that memorable day, fate was against the whites.

They had been truly favored in the days and weeks past, but they are now to taste the bitter waters of adversity in its worst form.

It would seem as if the capture of one of the scouts by the Apaches was enough misfortune for one day, and yet the indications were that Long Jim himself was about to keep the Irishman company.

His mustang, the main reliance at such crises, was gone, and he had not the chance to recover him.

The Indians were pressing him so close that he could think of and do nothing else but try and escape them.

In one respect, he had a slight advantage over the Irishman, who was caught so foul.

Long Jim had the thicket, into which he could dodge, if the redskins should come too fast.

But, confident that he could outrun the couple behind him, he was anxious to keep out of the way of the rest so as to prevent their getting in his front and hemming him in.

So long as they were in the rear of the scout he felt that his chances were fair for escaping altogether.

There seemed no reason why they should not be there, and yet, despite reason, they weren't.

Long Jim was making the best of time, and so hopeful of getting away altogether that he had time to feel mad about the disappearance of Hurricane, when a couple more of the hated Apaches sprang up from the thicket in his front, with the evident purpose of driving him out upon the open prairie, where he would be more at their mercy.

This was a grievous error on the part of the redskins, for, had they staid where they were, the scout would have run right upon them, and as there were more of the braves at hand, his situation would have been very much as was that of Mick O'Rooney a few minutes before.

The appearance of these Indians showed Jim that the only thing left for him to do was to take to the woods and try to throw his enemies off his trail.

If he could get fairly out of their sight, and gain the chance to cross the stream, there was a prospect that he might reach Fort Sheridan, which was close by.

Or if the soldiers at the fort could be made to see what was going on, they would be likely to make a diversion in favor of the whites thus imperiled.

It was odd, but natural, withal, that the same thought should come to Jim that came to Mickey under somewhat similar circumstances a short time before.

He wondered where his comrade was, and why he was not there to lend the help of which he stood in such need.

But he could only wonder, for the foes were pressing him hard, and were already close enough to make him think his death was among the near probabilities.

The trouble was that the Indians were so near, that so long as the scout kept up his speed they could tell where he was by the racket which was unavoidable.

As soon as he believed he was hidden, even for a brief time, from their sight, he slowed his gait and made a short turn in the direction he had been following.

He headed straight toward the stream, which, it will be remembered, was very deep, excepting where the trail led through it.

Several of his long strides carried him to the side of the water, where, with his rifle slung over his shoulder out of his way, and his arms at his command, he at once let himself down into the stream.

He found the shore very steep, and the depth greater than he supposed, as he instantly went beneath.

This was as he wished it to be, and he allowed himself to go under the surface, not coming up again until he was all of two rods from where he went down.

When he reappeared, he was still close to the shore, which was also as he desired.

He had no doubt that the Apaches would soon find that he was in the stream, and the question for him to decide was whether he could prevent their finding him.

His first intention was to swim to the other side, and then, with the start thus gained, to make an effort to reach Fort Sheridan, but a short distance off.

There was a good chance of his succeeding in this plan, and he would have made the attempt with very little delay, had he not discovered at the moment he was on the point of starting that there were more Indians than he supposed.

In fact, it looked as if the thicket was swarming with them.

From the opposite bank, the one upon which he built his hopes, he heard them signaling to those who were on the land he had just left.

As if this was not enough to show that his escape was cut off in that direction, he saw a single warrior come forth to the very edge of the stream, and at the point he was about making for.

This Indian was an interesting personage to the scout, inasmuch as it was no less a man than Lone Wolf, the great Apache war chief.

The shrewd and treacherous savage seemed to know, or at least to suspect, the stratagem to which the fugitive was likely to fly, and he took every precaution to prevent its success.

Stopping with his foot in the edge of the water, he looked across to the other shore, as if searching for his old enemy, the famous scout of the white men.

At this critical juncture Jim was close to the opposite bank, where the undergrowth was so thick that he had no difficulty in hiding his face from the gaze of the redskin.

The scout could see every feature of the painted Apache, who acted as if he did not suppose the fugitive had yet entered the water, as he kept his eyes fixed for the most of the time on the bank itself and the trees, instead of the stream in which the scout had taken refuge.

He listened attentively for some clue that might show him where the white man was about to appear.

At the sound of a crackling twig behind him, the Indian started and laid his hand upon the hunting-knife at his girdle.

He was the one to be ready for whoever came, whether a friend or foe.

The next second an Indian stepped to view and took his place beside the chief, so that Jim was confronted on that side by two fully armed warriors instead of one.

Scarcely was this done when one of the redskins, who was following the white man, came close to where he had entered the water, his moccasin, like that of the other, betraying his approach.

Lone Wolf went through the same pantomime as before, his brawny hand seeking the weapon at his girdle, while his black eyes glittered like those of a snake, as he peered across to make sure of who it was that was coming.

As before, he discovered that it was another of his warriors, who were so numerous in this section.

The Indians, thus brought face to face, exchanged some words in a voice so low that it was plain they were intended that they should not be heard by the fugitive, who was at no great distance.

Nevertheless, the situation of Jim was such that he could not avoid catching everything that was said.

His knowledge of the Apache tongue was such, too, that he understood all that had passed between them.

Literally translated, it may be given as follows:

"The white man came toward the water."

This was uttered by the redskin who had approached the stream from behind the fugitive.

"Have you traced him to it?" asked Lone Wolf.

"I have. His trail leads to the stream at this point, where he has gone into it."

"He has not come out on this side."

The last remark was made by the chieftain again, who spoke like one angered at the delay in capturing the scout.

"He may have crossed it at some point lower down."

"I have examined the shore above, and," addressing the warrior who was standing at his side, "you go and look down the stream."

"It was only a few minutes ago that he entered here, and he could not have had much time to get far away."

"I have been waiting long enough to see him if he should come out."

"He is in the water still," said the warrior from behind Jim, who felt that the fellow had a pretty clear idea of the situation.

"Then he must be close at hand."

"He may have drifted down with the current, and is hiding somewhere. He can hear all that is said by us."

This remark led Jim to think that the hunt was getting altogether too close for comfort.

"They have the other scout fast," said the warrior, standing so near the fellow in the water that the latter could have raised up and spit upon him.

"Yes; he will go to Auka-Yata to-night."

This was the first intimation that Long Jim had had received that his old friend, Mickey O'Rooney, was in the hands of the Apaches, and the news sent a chill down his back.

If Mickey was there he was in a deplorable condition, and the whites who were awaiting the return of the two were not likely to see them again for a long time.

In that moment when the scout was in such imminent peril, his thoughts were more concerning Colonel Melville and those were with him than they were of himself and the friend whom he knew to be in the power of those who would show him no mercy.

After the exchange of the words mentioned, the Indians were silent for a few minutes.

Some signal was heard in the woods behind where the chieftain stood, and he turned and walked away.

This left the coast clear in front of the fugitive in the water, but he dared not stir, on account of the one who was still so close to him that he would be sure to hear the slightest movement he might make, no matter how great the caution exercised.

But a ray of hope entered the heart of the scout, when in obedience to another signal this same redskin shifted his position several paces back out of sight.

This was not as far as the man could have desired, but it was enough for him to make the desperate attempt to move to some point that seemed less exposed to discovery.

It was too dangerous to attempt to reach the other shore, and indeed from the way things looked Jim felt that the best and only thing that promised the least hope was for him to stay in the water, where there was some chance to keep out of sight of the prowling Apaches that were all around him.

If it were night he would have been confident of giving them the slip, as the darkness would have afforded him all the opportunity to get away that he could desire.

But it was near the middle of the day, and Long Jim felt that a good while before the setting of the sun his fate would be decided.

Nevertheless, he resolved on the effort to make a slight change of hiding-place, so as to escape the redskin, who, he believed, would soon be back to renew his search.

(To be continued.)

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 663.

THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

A PRETTY CREATURE WITH A PARASOL ON ITS HEAD.

THE umbrella-bird is a truly remarkable creature, and from the extraordinary mode in which its plumage is arrenged, never fails of attracting the attention of the most casual spectator. The bird is a native of the islands of the South American rivers—being seldom if ever seen on the mainland—from whence it is not unfrequently brought by collectors, as there is always a ready sale for its skin, either to serve as an ornament in glass cases or as a specimen for a museum. In dimensions the umbrella-bird equals the common crow, of England, and but for the curious plume which adorns its head, and the tuft which hangs from its breast, might be mistaken at a distance for that bird. The general color of this species is rich shining black, glazed with varying tints of blue and purple like the feathers of the magpie's tail. Very little is known of the habits of the bird.

Its crest is, perhaps, the most fully developed and beautiful of any bird known. It is composed of long, slender feathers, rising from a contractile skin on the top of the head. The shafts are white, and the plume glossy blue, hair-like, and curved outward at the tip. When the crest is laid back, the shafts form a compact white mass, sloping up from the top of the head, and surmounted by the dense hairy plumes. Even in this position it is not an inelegant crest, but it is when it is fully spread that its peculiar character is developed. The shafts then radiate on all sides from the top of the head, reaching in front beyond and below to the tip of the beak, which is completely hidden from view.

The top then forms a perfect, slightly elongated dome, of a beautiful shining blue color, having a point of divergence rather behind the centre, like that in human head. The length of this dome from front to back is about five inches, the breadth four to four and a half inches. Scarcely less curious than the "umbrella," as this overhanging plume is very appropriately named, is a bunch of elongated feathers that hang from the breast in a tuft, perfectly distinct from the rest of the plumage. The peculiarity of this tuft is, that the feathers of which it is composed do not grow from the neck, but from a cylindrical fleshy growth, about as thick as an ordinary goose-quill, and an inch and a half long.

The whole of this curious appendage is covered with feathers, so that the breast tuft is wholly distinct from the feathers of the neck and breast. The entire skin of the neck is extremely loose, more so than in any other bird. The feathers of this tuft are edged with a beautiful and resplendent blue, and lap over each other like so many scales. The food of the umbrella-bird consits chiefly of berries and various fruits, and it always rejects the hard stone of stone fruit. As its cry is extremely loud and deep, the natives call the bird by a name which signifies a pipe.

MEERSCHAUM.

OF those who indulge in the delights of a meerschaum pipe, few, perhaps, know what meerschaum is, or what it comes from. The word "meerschaum," literally translated, means "sea-foam," and the substance which this word represents received its name from its resemblances to the froth of the sea. Meerschaum is a mineral substance which, in chemical parlance, is called a hydrous silicate of magnesia; that is to say, a mixture consisting of magnesia, silicon and water. This mineral is found in Moravia, in Spain, and in Asia Minor. The best comes from the latter country, from the mines near Eskischehr, on the Pursack River. These mines, it may be remarked, are worked chiefly by Armenian Christians, and have world-wide reputations in commerce. Large quantities of this Asia meerschaum are yearly imported into Europe, to be manufactured into pipes. The pipe manufacture is principally carried on in the city of Vienna, in Austria, and in Ruhla, in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. So vast is the quantity of pipes manufactured at these places, that their commercial value may safely be estimated at $2,000,000 a year. Large quantities of them, however, are carved from artificial and not from genuine material. The artificial material is composed of a waste from the carvings of the genuine article, to which linseed-oil and alum are added. These ingredients are boiled together, and when the mixture has acquired the proper consistence and cohesiveness, it is cast into molds and carefully dried. The blocks thus formed are then carved into pipes, just as the pure meerschaum pipes are carved. The demand for meerschaum pipes is so great, and the manufacture from artificial material so profitable, that scarcely half the number now offered for sale are made from the genuine meerschaum.

THE DREAM OF ARGYLL.

THESE lines were suggested by a passage in Macaulay, where it is said that "the Duke of Argyll was found sleeping the sleep of infancy within an hour of eternity," and may gain new interest by the visit of his descendant to our country. They were written nearly thirty years ago by the youngest sister of Whittier, Elizabeth H. Whittier:

"Earthly arms no more uphold him;
On his prison's stony floor,
Awaiting death, in his last slumber,
Lies the doomed MacCallum More.

"And he dreams a dream of boyhood,
Rise again his heathery hills,
Sounds again the hounds' long baying,
Cry of moor-fowl, laugh of rills.

"Now he stands amidst his clansmen,
In the low, long banquet hall,
Over grim, ancestral armor
Sees the ruddy firelight fall.

"Once again, with pulses beating,
Hears the wandering minstrel tell
How Montrose on Inverary
Thief-like from his mountain fell.

"Down the glen beyond the castle,
Where the linn's swift waters shine,
Round the youthful heir of Argyll
Shy feet glide and white arms twine.

"Fairest of the rustic dancers,
Blue-eyed Effie smiles once more,
Bends to trim her snooded tresses,
Treads with him the grassy floor.

"Now he hears the pipes lamenting,
Harpers for his mother mourn,.
Slow, with sable plume and pennon,
To her cairn of burial borne.

"Then, anon, his dreams are darker—
Sounds of battle fill his ears,
And the pibroch's mournful wailing
For his father's fall he hears

"Wild Lockhabor's mountain echoes
Wail in concert for the dead,
And Loch Avre's deep waters murmur
For the Campbell's glory fled!

"Fierce and strong the godless tyrants
Trample the apostate land,
While her poor and faithful remnant
Wait for the Avenger's hand.

"Once again at Inverary,
Years of weary exile o'er,
Armed to lead his scattered clansmen,
Stands the bold MacCallum More.

"Once again the battle calling,
Sound the war-pipes through the glen;
And the courtyard of Dunstaffrage
Rings with tread of armed men.

"All is lost! The godless triumph,
And the faithful ones and true
From the scaffold and the prison
Covenant with God anew.

"On the darkness of his dreaming
Great and sudden glory shone;
Over bonds and death victorious
Stands he by the Father's throne!

"From the radiant ranks of martyrs
Notes of joy and praise he hears,
Songs of his poor land's deliverance
Sounding from the future years.

"Lo, he wakes! but airs Celestial
Bathe him in immortal rest,
And he sees of unsealed vision
Scotland's cause with victory blest.

"Shining hosts attend and guard him
As he leaves the prison-door;
And to death, as to a triumph,
Walks the great MacCallum More."

◆

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE CURRENT.

THE loud cry of the *Herald* correspondent, "The sea is upon us!" awakened the inmates of the snow-hut, who sprang to their feet to find the moonlight pouring through the opening which he had made.

In a moment the nature of the situation was made clear to them, and while Captain St. Clair and Jasper hurried without, closely followed by the professor and Terence, Greenough remained behind, at the earnest solicitation of the ladies, to assist them in leaving the hut.

Wilcox explained to the others—who could, however, now see it for themselves—the discovery he had made, but the captain was already busy with Lieutenant Jasper at the sledge, and presently the clumsy rubber package which had been displayed a few nights previous was withdrawn from its hiding-place, and the two officers occupied themselves in filling it with air. This was soon accomplished, and it once more assumed its boat-shape.

All now assisted, understanding the intention of the captain without being told, and the ice was soon strewn with the contents of the sledge, such articles as were most necessary being laid aside and packed in the boat. These comprised, of course, provisions, firearms and ammunition, and clothing, Captain St. Clair not forgetting his compass.

The boat was large and roomy, and a great deal of luggage could be conveniently stowed away in it. All admired the foresight of the captain, when he drew from the sledge oars and a mast and sail, which had been so carefully packed there by himself as not to attract notice.

While this was being accomplished, Greenough and the ladies had made their appearance; Wilcox, at the order of the captain, set free the dogs, which, after looking curiously for a moment at the busy party on the ice, turned and trotted leisurely away toward the land.

"We sha'n't need them any more," said Captain St. Clair; "I thought, though, we would have had to use them longer than we did."

"What will become of the poor things?" asked Mrs. Houghton, who had recovered from her first alarm, and now trusted, as usual, in the skill and knowledge of the captain to find a means of escape from the perils which surrounded them.

"Oh, they will fare well enough," answered Captain St. Clair.

"Perhaps they will join our friends, the Esquimaux," remarked Wilcox.

The water was encroaching rapidly. Already a portion of the snow-hut had melted away, and the preparations for departure had to be hastened.

Professor Corbeau was the first one to remark that, with the other changes, there had come a change of temperature. He was noticed to be in the act of removing some of his heavy outer clothing, and his example was speedily followed by the others.

"No more Arctic business," observed Lieutenant Jasper, as he doffed one of his stout pea-jackets.

"It is certainly much warmer," observed Emmeline, "and I do think the ice is absolutely melting as fast as if it were in warm water."

Here a howl from Terence drew general attention to him.

The Irishman had been standing near the edge of the ice, when, without a moment's warning, it gave way under him. He floundered about so violently that, before any one could go to his rescue, he had succeeded in gaining a footing himself.

"Bedad, it is warrum; an' ye may say not stop uv that, an' no lie."

"What's that you say, Terence?" asked the captain; "is the water warm?"

"Divil a doubt of it, yer honor; savin' yer prisince, ladies, if it hadn't been fur my thick coats an' things, I'd been bilin' this minute."

"All aboard!" cried Captain St. Clair, at this juncture; and the ladies being just placed on the thwarts, the others climbed in, one after another.

The captain remained outside, however, standing on the ice on one side of the boat, while Lieutenant Jasper took a corresponding position on the other.

The boat was half over the edge of the ice, which was rapidly melting beneath it.

A moment after Captain St. Clair shouted, "Now," and as the ice gave way altogether, the two officers clambered aboard, and the boat was adrift.

There was nothing wanting to the equipment; the rudder was shipped, the oars in place, and as the captain took hold of the tiller, the boat swung round, and the gallant craft was seized by the current, and was presently speeding rapidly onward.

"Which way does she head, captain?" asked Wilcox, no one else having spoken since they started.

Captain St. Clair had his compass close beside him, and opening it for a moment he looked at it; then he dropped the lid and called out: "Northeast, with a little northing.'

"*Northeast!*" cried the professor, astonished. "Why, I thought we were to go northwestward."

"Just so," responded the captain; "but this current sets us in the opposite direction, and I don't see how we are going to help ourselves."

"And the water is absolutely warm," remarked Greenough, who had dropped his hand over the side of the boat and experimented.

"Well, I am sure wonders with us will never cease," said Mrs. Houghton.

"And I declare," added Emmeline, "I am getting to be positively uncomfortable with all these coats on."

"Remove some of them, my dear," said her mother, and the two ladies quickly put aside some of their outer garments.

"Has anybody got a thermometer?" cried Wilcox, presently.

Here Terence was heard to remark, under his voice: "Oh, boddther the fermometer; bedad, we nivir have no pace wid dem insthruments."

Of course Captain St. Clair had one in his pocket, which, on being consulted, showed three degrees above zero—a rise which readily explained the altered feelings of the party with regard to the temperature. Meanwhile, the water showed eighty degrees.

The conduct of the boat surprised and delighted all on board. She rode the sea like a bird, flinging the spray from her bows with her rapid progress—for she was making fully twenty miles an hour—and seemed so perfectly constructed as to warrant entire dependence on her for safety and comfort both.

All remarked on her good qualities, and Emmeline soon hit a happy thought in this connection.

"What shall we call her?" she asked; "surely, such a beautiful boat ought to have a pretty name."

"And none but so beautiful a young lady is entitled to the privilege of naming her," said the captain, gallantly.

Emmeline blushed—a fact that could just be discerned by the coming daylight—Greenough and Wilcox manifestly fidgeted, and Mrs. Houghton herself seemed a little disturbed by the captain's conspicuous attention.

"I will think it over," at length said the younger lady; "it seems to me it would be more—lucky—if I may say so, to christen the boat after the sun has risen."

"Bravo! young lady," cried out Professor Corbeau; "you are entirely correct. This should surely not be a deed of darkness, and it is but little better now."

But it soon grew lighter, and on the right could presently be distinguished the abrupt coast of a portion of Ireland, past which they were now hurrying, though between the boat and the land were still many miles of solid field-ice, which had not yet succumbed to the influence of the warm current which was sweeping past.

At length the eastern sky assumed a warmer and ruddier hue, and as evidence appeared signifying the near approach of sunrise, Emmeline became visibly nervous over her task.

"Well, have you got your name ready?" asked Captain St. Clair, at length. "You will have to hurry, or the sun will be up first."

The captain was rummaging among some packages at his feet, and as he rose, holding something in one hand, Emmeline cried out:

"Yes, captain, I am quite ready now."

Just then the great red ball rose above the horizon, and at that moment Captain St. Clair, who had unrolled the package in his hand from its covering, extended toward the young lady a bottle of champagne.

"Quick! break it on anything hard that you see, and christen her!"

And suiting the action to the word, Emmeline seized the bottle and dashed it against one of the metal rowlocks on the gunwale of the boat. At the same moment she cried aloud:

"I christen her *Last Hope*," and immediately sat down, quite covered with confusion.

All applauded loudly, and Mrs. Houghton kissed her daughter, proud of her originality.

Meanwhile, Greenough and Wilcox looked studiously in another direction, as if this pretty illustration of maternal affection had been altogether too tantalizing to be borne with equanimity.

The sun rose now rapidly, and soon the passengers in the boat began to experience the pangs of hunger. This fact being speedily made known, Lieutenant Jasper and Terence bestirred themselves to get breakfast.

There was nothing wanting to make this entirely comfortable. There were several small breakers of water in the boat, besides wines and beer, and as Lieutenant Jasper had brought from Valentia Island a small lamp-stove, tea and coffee were soon forthcoming.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, the temperature rose to a point which was not even wintry, and made fresh demands on our party for fresh modifications of toilet.

The *Last Hope*, as the fair Emmeline had so appropriately named the boat, sped onward without need of oars or sail, requiring only the guidance of the helm to keep her head in the direction of the current.

"And have we got to keep going at this rate for days and days?" at length asked Mr. Houghton of Captain St. Clair, rather uneasily.

"Not the least, my dear madam," replied the latter. "We can stop when we have a mind to, and I quite intend to make several halts as opportunity offers."

"I do not see how you are going to stop at all, at this speed," observed Wilcox, doubtfully.

"When do you mean to try the experiment?" asked Professor Corbeau.

"We shall be at the northern extremity of Ireland at about one o'clock at the rate we are going," replied the captain, "and shortly before we reach that point I shall try and make the shore."

The forenoon passed pleasantly enough, each one doing his or her utmost for the diversion of all, and the time being passed in singing, telling stories, and passages of wit. When these amusements slackened, Lieutenant Jasper drew from some hidden receptacle a cornet-a-piston, and soon showed that he was no mean performer upon that instrument.

At about noon the captain began to make his preparations for the "halt" which he had promised.

He went about these in a fashion which was quite inexplicable—except, so far as Lieutenant Jasper was concerned. This intelligent officer seemed to understand the captain's intentions, as though by intuition.

First Captain St. Clair had the sail brought out and spread across the boat. Into the kind of bag which this made he flung all the heavy garments which the different individuals of the party had removed from their persons as the atmosphere grew heated.

This made a very large bundle. The next act of the captain, aided by Jasper, was to tie the sail about this bundle with strong lanyard, when it presented the appearance of a closed-up and lashed hammock on board a man-of-war.

Next he fastened strong ropes through the eyes in the sail-cloth, and then he looked upon his finished work with evident satisfaction.

"What do you think of doing with that, captain?" asked Mr. Wilcox, satirically. "Looks as though you had been sewing up a——"

But when Wilcox got as far as that, a pretty hand was placed on his mouth, and a sweet voice said:

"Please don't, Mr. Wilcox; I can't bear any allusion to such things."

The *Herald* correspondent kissed the hand surreptitiously, and apologized; and Emmeline—for she it was—dropped back in her seat, confused enough. But no one had noted this little episode, all being busily engaged in examining the captain's work.

That distinguished officer certainly enjoyed the ignorance displayed concerning his intentions, while Lieutenant Jasper, who saw through it all, chuckled audibly to himself.

Now Captain St. Clair had taken the helm, which he had yielded to Greenough, and steered the boat to the eastward. The shore was not far distant, but field-ice lay between, and the whole aspect in that direction was forbidding.

At length they approached a headland, which jutted out into the ocean, and the captain steered toward this, while he seemed evidently very anxious to make it.

"Come aft, Andrew," he said, presently, to the lieutenant, "and heave her over when I tell you."

Lieutenant Jasper stepped to the stern of the boat, fastened the ends of the ropes which were attached to the captain's "bundle," in two brass rings, one on either side of the rudder, and waited orders.

"By Jove!" shouted Wilcox, presently, "I know what he is going to do."

"What's that?" asked Greenough.

"He's made a *drag*."

And just then the captain cried, "*Over with her!*" Lieutenant Jasper dropped the heavy sail-covered mass into the water, the ropes drew taut, and, as if by magic, the boat felt the "drag" and slowed, until, in a few moments, the captain had driven her up into a little channel in the thick ice, where she struck hard and fast.

"Bravo!" Splendid!" cried Professor Corbeau, as he climbed out of the boat.

"Well, may I nivir!" muttered Terence, as he followed suit.

Soon, all were stretching their cramped limbs, and stamping about on the ice; while each one was loud in praises of Captain St. Clair for his ingenuity in devising such a simple contrivance for accomplishing so much.

From the point where the boat had been run in to the shore was only about a quarter of a mile, so had the warm current from the west eaten away its icy surrounding.

Leaving Terence in charge of the boat, with orders to keep close to the ice, the others strolled toward the shore.

"Where are we, captain?" asked Mrs. Houghton, as the two were walking side by side.

"We are just inside Donegal Bay," replied Captain St. Clair.

"And do you suppose, captain, we will find any village or people?" inquired Emmeline.

"I am quite certain you will find a village, for I remember to have been here once; but I very much doubt your meeting any people. You must remember, my dear young lady, the same occurrence acted here which depopulated Valentia Island. And though, through the medium of this extraordinary current, it is now comparatively warm, the changed condition of things has not lasted long enough to have rendered the place habitable; as, indeed, you can see for yourself," he continued, pointing at the same time to the bleak and frozen appearance of the land they were approaching.

In fact, the country where they stood differed very little in its appearance from that about Valentia Island. The shore was abrupt and precipitous, and at present the entire landscape presented only an endless field of ice and snow, which was now beginning to melt, however, under the influence of the sun and of the warm temperature occasioned by the hot current.

Climbing the heights from the shore, our party discovered, a short distance away, a group of half a dozen little houses, or huts, and near by one of greater pretentions, and a diminutive church.

Approaching this hamlet, or small village, it was found to have been deserted with the same haste which had characterized the movements of the natives further south when the great catastrophe overtook them.

Some of our party now entered the nearest hut, while Mrs. Houghton and her daughter, accompanied by the captain, walked in to explore the larger mansion.

It was, indeed, quite an imposing structure, and handsomely furnished and fitted; the residence, apparently, of a squire or landlord. There was no sign of living creature about the place, and as they strolled from room to room, and witnessed the confusion which characterized the scene, and betokened hasty and alarmed movements on the part of the former occupants, all felt a melancholy feeling oppressing them, and a desire to leave such forbidding surroundings.

The ladies, however, took the opportunity of replacing their heavy garments with others more fitted for the warmer climate they seemed to be about to encounter, and as there were articles of female clothing of all sorts scattered about recklessly on the floor they had no difficulty in obtaining everything they desired.

Mrs. Houghton, however, insisted on leaving a card in a conspicuous place in the apartment where they obtained the articles, setting forth her name and New York residence, and the necessity which forced her to appropriate the articles in question.

The captain laughed as he entered the room, and found Mrs. Houghton and her daughter pondering over the writing.

"My dear madam," he said, "who do you expect will ever read this?"

"Why, captain," responded Mrs. Houghton, "these people will surely come back as it grows warmer."

"I do not believe this change is going to be permanent," said the captain. "We are experiencing the first rush of the current, and it exercises an influence here, which I think will last only until it can break through the heavier ice further north, and take its natural course."

"Then do you think this place will become again as cold as it must have been within the past few weeks?" asked Emmeline.

"That is precisely what I do think," said the captain, "and if we were two or three weeks later we would not be able to land here, except after a long journey over the ice."

Here Professor Corbeau entered the room, and hearing the last remark of Captain St. Clair, he said:

"The captain is right, ladies, I am sure. I begin to understand now, better than I did at first, the meaning of all these phenomena, and I think that as we go north we shall find the weather grow warmer."

"Precisely what I expected from the beginning," observed the captain, and then all left the house, while the younger gentlemen, who had concluded their explorations, joined them, and all proceeded in the direction of the boat.

But on nearing the edge of the shore, to the surprise of most of the party, it was found that the ice had melted and broken away so much during the time of their absence, that Terence, who had obeyed orders and persistently followed its breakage, was found in the boat, with the latter safely attached to the shore by means of a stone for a grapple, fastened to one end of a long rope, and safely bestowed between two large rocks.

It was now decided to take a meal on shore, and accordingly a great fire was built on the rocks, and soon all were engaged in eating and drinking. An hour later, everything was repacked in the boat in such a manner as to give more space and comfort to its occupants, and then, all getting on board, the boat was pushed off, the "drag" being bestowed out of the way in the bow, and entering the current, the *Last Hope* was soon again flying northeastward at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

FROM Donegal Bay our party were swept with the same speed toward the coast of Scotland, and about midnight they passed Orkney Islands, the current then setting more to the eastward, and carrying the boat in the direction of Norway. Sleep was obtained without much difficulty or discomfort, two keeping watch throughout the night, one at the bow, and the other steering. The latter duty was divided on this first night of the voyage between the captain and Lieutenant Jasper.

When day broke, the shores of Norway could be seen dimly in the distance, and at breakfast-time they were quite near land, and now running almost due north.

At noon, the captain, who had succeeded in taking an observation, and in establishing his position on a chart which he had brought with him, began to direct the course of the boat toward the inner edge of the current, while Lieutenant Jasper got ready with the "drag" in the stern, at a sign from his superior officer.

The boat was approaching three small islands, which did not, however, display any appearance of having been inhabited.

Captain St. Clair was quiet and serious, and all saw that the matter of landing was the subject of some doubt in his mind. But, presently, the boat swept toward a projecting rock-covered point; the captain shouted:

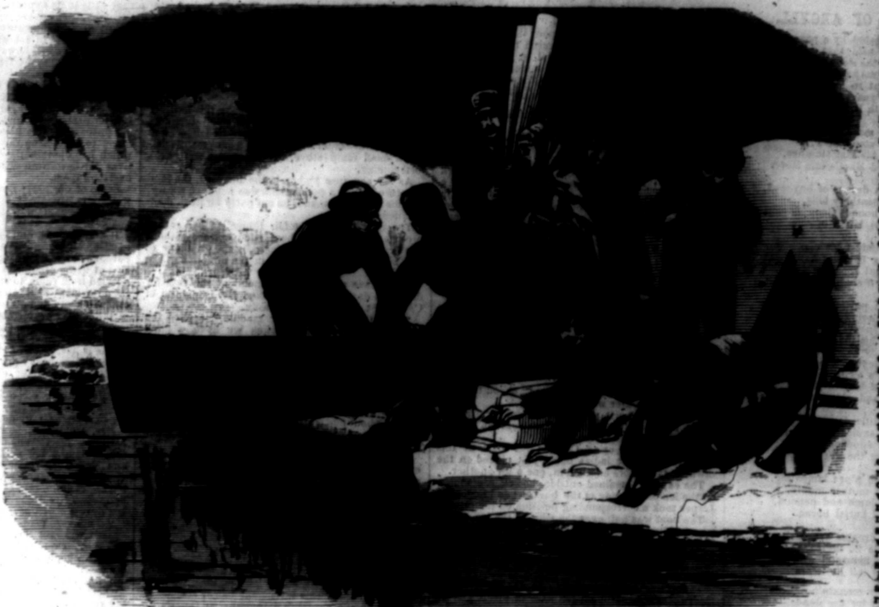
"Over with her," and as the boat slackened her speed, she was ingeniously diverted from her course, and in another moment was floating between the islands, where the current had no longer sway.

And what was the surprise of the entire party when, on reaching the extreme end of this passage, the boat entered a small harbor, in shape almost an exact circle, about which were grouped the houses of a considerable town!

"Why, this is magic," cried Mrs. Houghton, while Emmeline fairly clapped her hands with enjoyment of the pretty sight.

"What place do you call this, captain?" asked Wilcox, as the boat slowly drifted toward a small wharf on one side of the harbor.

"This is the town of Christiansund, in Norway," was the captain's reply; and as the boat reached the wharf, the lieutenant jumped ashore with a rope, which he tied to a post, and then all on board clambered up on the wharf.



TOPSY-TURVY.—"HERE A HOWL FROM TERENCE DREW GENERAL ATTENTION TO HIM. THE IRISHMAN HAD BEEN STANDING NEAR THE EDGE OF THE ICE, WHEN, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING, IT GAVE WAY UNDER HIM."—SEE PAGE 39.

But here, as elsewhere in their recent experience, our party found no evidence of living beings. The wharf was deserted, the streets leading by the water's edge were silent, and as they strolled up into the town it was found that the houses and shops were all empty of their former tenants.

These houses were all constructed of wood, and being all painted red, the effect was exceedingly picturesque. But the evidences of desertion and neglect, which multiplied on every hand, made the entire scene one most saddening to witness.

Standing in one of the little cottages, Mrs. Houghton observed:

"I cannot understand how this place can have been so intensely cold as to scare all the inhabitants away, when they were so accustomed to a very low temperature."

"That was just it," said the professor. "They were accustomed to a low temperature, but not to a violent and untimely change, such as having the dead of Winter coming upon them in August. I have no doubt that they were more scared even than those who lived further south."

"You are, no doubt, correct, sir," remarked the captain, "and they probably fled toward the south."

"But, captain," said Mrs. Houghton, "consider how very warm it is now, and explain to me the reason for such a violent and sudden series of changes."

"With pleasure, madam. We are now getting pretty far north—sixty-three degrees, in fact, is the latitude. Now, the very agent which occasioned by its removal the tremendous fall of temperature we have witnessed, being restored to active influence, though from another direction, is even more powerful and influential than at first."

"And that agent, captain?"

Here the captain approached Mrs. Houghton with an air of secrecy, and observing that the others were engaged in looking about and not attending to him, he whispered:

"I will tell you as a great secret. The Gulf Stream, which has burst into the Pacific Ocean through the Isthmus Canal, has rushed on until it reached the great current of Japan, has swept through Behring's Straits in company with the other, and, spreading out, has worked its way through the ice to the eastward, bringing us in its course to this point, and warming up, of course, all the territory which its influence reaches."

"Goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Houghton.

"'Fact, I assure you,'" quoted the captain, smiling.

And then Emmeline joined her mother, and Captain St. Clair entered into conversation with Professor Corbeau, leaving Mrs. Houghton completely mystified as to his real meaning, but quite certain that something awful had really happened.

After wandering about the town for some time, our party concluded to pass the night there, chiefly that the ladies might obtain rest of the character more comfortable than that which the boat afforded.

Early on the following morning—but after a hearty meal, at which the cured fish, for which Christiansund is celebrated, assisted—our voyagers entered their boat and pushed forth out of the pretty little harbor between the islands, "Kirkland" and "Nordland," as they are called, and were soon again speeding northward on the hurrying current.

"Where do you imagine those people fled to after leaving Christiansund?" said Mrs. Houghton to the captain, as they took their last view of the little group of islands.

"To the Mediterranean, I imagine. They have long had an extensive trade in Spain and along that coast, and would probably first think of that part of the world as one where they would be to some extent recognized."

"Captain," said Lieutenant Jasper, at this moment, "how far north do you suppose this emigration has extended?"

"Well, I should not be surprised if we found some Laplanders when we get up there," was the reply.

"And are we going to Lapland?" inquired Greenough.

"We are heading for it now, straight enough," was the reply; "and if nothing stops us, we may call there at this time day after to-morrow; but as I shall make another stop before that time——"

"Captain," suddenly interrupted Wilcox, who was sitting amidships, making notes for the future use of the New York *Herald*—"captain, it occurs to me that you are leaving one very important item out of your calculations."

"And what is that, pray?"

"The maelstrom," said the *Herald* correspondent, simply, and he went on with his notes.

There was a murmur of subdued exclamations heard among the party for a moment, then Captain St. Clair spoke:

"No, I had not forgotten the maelstrom," he said; "though I did not intend to speak of it until——"

"Until what?" asked Greenough, earnestly. "Until we had passed it?"

"Yes, but——" continued the *Herald* correspondent.

Here a pronounced kick from the rather heavy boot of Lieutenant Jasper, admonished him, and he looked foolish and went to writing again.

But Mrs. Houghton saw something was amiss, and insisted on knowing what this talk meant.

"The maelstrom?" she said; "is not that the terrible whirlpool I used to read about in the geography at school?"

"Very likely, madam," said Captain St. Clair, who, for his part, would have liked to give Wilcox a pretty sharp talking to at this juncture.

"And are we going near it?"

"And isn't it horribly dangerous?" asked Emmeline.

Beleaguered after this fashion, the captain had nothing for it but to face the question.

"The maelstrom," he began, with a severe glance at Wilcox, who looked very much ashamed of himself—"the maelstrom is a very much overrated whirlpool, which in Winter and in heavy storms is certainly dangerous to small-boats. But it has been sailed over many times, has been thoroughly examined by scientific men, and the stories which are told about its force and violence are doubtless most of them pure inventions."

"But do we go near it?" persisted Mrs. Houghton.

"Not necessarily; though as this current sets now, we may pass within fifteen or twenty miles of it, which will be quite enough to be out of danger in such very tranquil weather."

Mrs. Houghton and her daughter sighed in concert with relief from this bugbear, and nothing further disturbed the serenity of the occupants of the boat during the day.

Late in the afternoon, with the usual precautions, the boat was headed in shore and a landing effected.

Here there was no ice, and the ground was covered with vegetation. The weather was about as warm as New York in October.

Standing on a little eminence a short distance from the shore, Captain St. Clair called his little party together, and addressed them in the following words:

"My friends, to-night we will encamp where we are, and it is my duty to inform you that we are at present in about latitude sixty-seven degrees fifty minutes north, and consequently within the Arctic Circle."

Everybody was silent for a moment, and when Wilcox raised his cap and made a feeble attempt to rouse an "Hurrah!" the effort failed dismally.

The impression of the terrible nature of their journey, and the vast distance in out-of-the-way parts of the world they were engaged in traversing, oppressed the others, and nothing was said. All now went to making preparations for the night encampment.

A great fire was built, provisions were brought out and cooked, or otherwise prepared, and soon, under the influence of a hearty supper, the gayety of the party returned to them. Songs and the music of the lieutenant's cornet waked the Norwegian echoes, and late in the night the party fell asleep, wrapped in their blankets, carefully watched by those who divided that duty among them.

The night was undisturbed, and an early breakfast was followed by the departure of the *Last Hope* on her mysterious and doubtful voyage.

On regaining the current, Captain St. Clair found that it set more toward the northwest than formerly, but he made no remark on the subject, and the party passed the morning in watching the shore as it receded, and in inspecting the performances and evolutions of flocks of aquatic birds that were seen in myriads in all directions.

At noon Captain St. Clair took the sun, and having made his reckoning and examined the chart, any one who had watched him might have seen that he had grown a shade paler, and that his teeth were set and his feet braced hard against the bottom of the boat.

Lieutenant Jasper took note of all this, but said nothing, only he kept his eyes fixed on the water much of the time.

But at one o'clock the captain's face relaxed, and giving the helm to Greenough, who was next to him, he drew a long breath, and proceeded to pour for himself a glass of spirits from a bottle which he took from a case among the stores.

"Now, Mrs. Houghton," he said, and at the same time he poured for her a glass of wine, offering another to her daughter, "do you see that streak of foam just off the starboard quarter?" and he pointed in that direction.

Mrs. Houghton shaded her eyes with her hand, and presently declared that she saw the point in question quite plainly.

"Well, madam—here's your health—*that's the* maelstrom."

"What!" shouted Wilcox, jumping up.

Captain St. Clair pushed him back into his seat again, but the astonished correspondent was up again in a moment.

"Don't upset the boat, young man!" said the professor, peevishly. "Don't you hear what the captain says? If he says that's the maelstrom, it *is* the maelstrom; if he said it was Mount Ætna, *it would be.*"

Everybody laughed at this sally, but Mrs. Houghton drank her wine before she said anything. Then she observed, as she handed her glass to the captain:

"I think you were more worried than you showed, captain."

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"MICKEY TOOK THAT VIEW OF IT, AND WHEN HE SAW THAT THE DOG WAS DETERMINED TO TAKE HIS HORSE AWAY AT ALL HAZARDS, HE RAISED HIS RIFLE AND BORED HIS SKULL CLEAN THROUGH WITH HIS RIFLE BALL."—SEE PAGE 37.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was a little nervous. With all these confounded changes—warm climates made Arctic, and Arctic ones tropical—one never knows what to expect."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain what makes the whirlpool so quiet," queried Wilcox.

"Nothing simpler," was the reply. "This current we are in is so much more swift than anything that the maelstrom has been accustomed to, that it just wiped the whole thing out at once."

The *Herald* correspondent subsided for the time being, feeling that he had been made the victim of an unnatural joke on the part of the maelstrom, since entering within the Arctic circles.

Our party had begun to experience the remarkable phenomenon of the Arctic day, which, in this latitude and in the Summer season, is without end, the sun being above the horizon during all of the twenty-four hours.

Our travelers greatly enjoyed this novel arrangement, and as they could doze in the boat when they wished, it did not interfere with their natural rest. It was now so warm that an awning was spread over the boat, rigged by means of the sail and oars; and the *Last Hope* bowled merrily along, heading in the direction of the North Cape, which was, indeed, sighted at about midnight of the same day on which the maelstrom was passed. Marvelously rapid boat-traveling, to which our friends had by this time become accustomed.

At about two o'clock on the morning in question, all being asleep but the captain and Jasper, who were watching, the boat was successfully brought within the mouth of the northernmost one of the many fiords which indent the coast of Norwegian Lapland.

The change of speed and the stirring about awakened the rest, and as the boat touched the shore all prepared to land.

The boat was tied up as usual, and the party strolled away from the shore, looking about them carelessly, without expecting to see anything surprising.

But in this the most of them soon found themselves undeceived.

The ground rose gradually from the shore, and Wilcox, who was ahead, was astonished, on turning a small hill, to find himself closer upon a small village of low huts, with unmistakable human beings moving about amongst them.

"Ah," said Captain St. Clair, who just then came up, "a Lapp village. I thought likely we would strike one. They are getting ready to go out fishing."

Just then they were observed by the Laplanders, who came forward to join them to the number of half a dozen.

They were short and squat in stature, dark-complexioned with high cheek-bones, and had straight, black hair. One of them advanced and addressed Captain St. Clair, who did not, however, understand him. But on trying him with Norwegian, which the captain spoke fluently, he found he was understood, and proceeded to question the Laplander.

The others of our party stood by, listening, and curious to know what was being said.

"Do you understand them?" inquired Emmeline of Lieutenant Jasper.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"And what are they saying?"

"Well, the Lapp says that instead of having been very cold here it grew suddenly warmer than usual about ten days ago, and that it has never before been so warm within his recollection."

Captain St. Clair now rejoined the others, and confirmed this, adding:

"It seems that the ice-latitude, under the new dispensation, must have found its limit far south of here."

"Or within the limit of the former influence of the Gulf Stream," here put in the professor.

"Precisely," added the captain; "but he tells me also that there have been no tourists up here, as is usually the case at this season, when a great many English come up in yachts and otherwise to visit the North Cape, and that this has rather surprised his people. They usually get liquor and tobacco and money out of them, and therefore welcome them with open arms.

"They have no idea whatever of any change of climate having occurred south of them, though they have not failed to notice the alteration in the temperature here, and their boats have felt the effects of the new current."

Some further conversation ensued with the Lapps, when Captain St. Clair announced to the others of his party that he had concluded to remain in the village for a few days, to give opportunity for needed recreation, and that they might overhaul their stock of provisions, and provide better for the long journey that still remained before them.

The plan was gladly agreed to by all the passengers of the *Last Hope*, and Terence was sent, accompanied by two or three of the Lapps, to haul up and unload the boat.

"Is it Lapps they be?" he asked, contemptuously. Then scenting a joke, and recurring to certain pedestrian exhibitions which he had witnessed in London, some years before, he remarked, with a comical squint:

"An' if thim's Lapps I'd be glad for to know how big is a mile of 'em."

And he followed the docile natives toward the shore, very well contented with himself.

Arrangements were now made for the occupancy of two of the Laplanders' huts—one of these to be given up to the ladies, and the other to be occupied by the gentlemen of the party. It took all the morning to put these in condition for residence, but they were at length made exceedingly comfortable.

The Laplanders were found to be hospitable and good-natured, but the captain had the liquors and valuables of the party concealed and carefully watched, as this race is addicted to intemperance and to thieving.

All were delighted with the change of scene, and the relief from the monotony of the past few days, though it was difficult to reconcile the short time which had elapsed since they left Valentia Island, with the distance they had traveled.

Only by remembering that at their rate of speed—five hundred miles a day—they could make the circuit of the earth in a little more than two weeks, could they appreciate the astonishing fact. The time was now passed enjoyably by all of them. They fished in the fiord for salmon, and in the streams which emptied into it for trout; and having excellent success, enjoyed the sport to the utmost.

Mrs. Houghton and her daughter joined the others in their amusements, and soon became adept anglers, getting quite their share of the finny game.

Then they made an excursion to the North Cape, which was only a few miles distant, and gazed wonderingly from its summit—twelve hundred feet above the shore—upon that unknown Arctic Sea upon which they were soon to launch their frail bark. Whether it was owing to the change of scene or to the long companionship, it is certain that now there began to be certain manifestations which would have suggested to a looker-on a love-story, or, indeed, two of them.

Mrs. Houghton and her daughter were now seldom together.

With the widow might usually be found Captain St. Clair, engaged in offering her the little attentions which are so agreeable when one is, so to speak, "on an excursion." The fact that the "excursion" was a forced one, and its ultimate conclusion by no means as yet indicated, made no difference to these happily employed personages.

As for Emmeline, it was noted at first that in her rambles she was accompanied closely by both Greenough and Wilcox. But after a day or two this relation was altered, and the *Herald* correspondent began to make lengthy tours into the wilderness, quite by himself, and became somewhat moody and serious in his manner.

Lieutenant Jasper presently took him in hand, however, and by making him useful at first in the preparations for their future departure, and then by insisting on his company on salmon-spearing excursions, succeeded in weaning him away from his slight attachment, for the correspondent was not hard hit, but being a susceptible young man, had rather permitted himself to be drawn into the net, than been actually entangled. When he saw that Greenough was fairly captured, and that the lovely Emmeline was apparently quite satisfied with her prey, and that the mother did not object, he made up his mind that it was no affair of his, and attended philosophically to his own amusement.

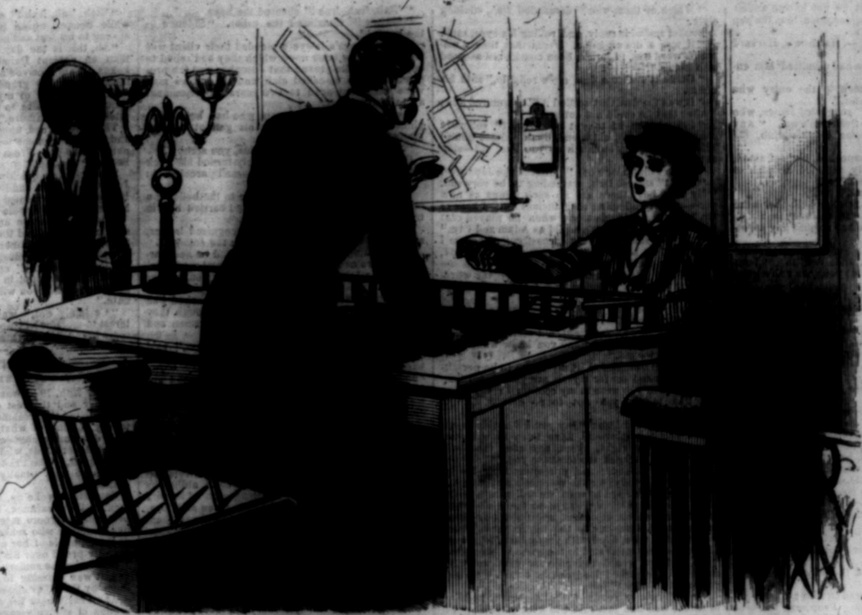
Thus matters went on, and an entire week was given up to diversion. Then the captain gave the orders for departure. The boat, which had been overhauled and fully provided, was launched. A generous gift was distributed among the kindly Lapps on bidding them farewell. And on one bright and beautiful morning the *Last Hope* was pushed from shore, entered once more the swift-flowing current, and soon passed the North Cape, and began fairly the journey around the Arctic regions.

(To be continued.)

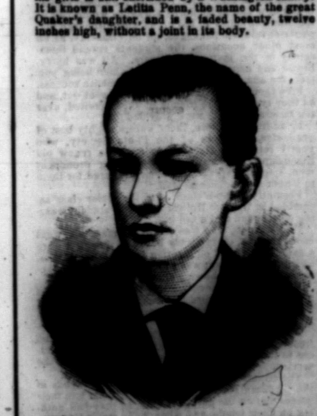
"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 666.

* * *

An Old Doll.—A wooden doll William Penn brought over from England as a present to one of his girls is still cherished by a Washington family. It is known as Letitia Penn, the name of the great Quaker's daughter, and is a faded beauty, twelve inches high, without a joint in its body.



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"'WHAT!' EXCLAIMED THE SERGEANT OF POLICE ON DUTY, WHEN ORVILLE STATED HIS CHARGE AND HANDED HIM THE PILE OF BILLS; 'DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, AFTER WINNING ALL THAT, YOU WANT TO GO FOR THE PROPRIETOR?'"



LEONARD F. H. BERGEN, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 11, WASHINGTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

LEONARD F. H. BERGEN,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 11, WASHINGTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LEONARD F. H. BERGEN is a distinguished member of the first class of Grammar School No. 11, Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born at Washington Square, Long Island, February 3d, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of L. M. and H. C. Bergen. He has been a pupil of his present school for four years, and has reached the highest class with an unblemished record from the beginning. Mr. L. F. Lewis, the able Principal of No. 11, gives us his opinion of young Bergen: "He is a lad of quick apprehension, great energy, and is endowed with genuine mental pluck. In morals and conduct he is without reproach. He ranks first in his class." He is well-grown, with a large head, having a fine development in the upper portion. His face shows an amiable while an energetic character. His manners are those of a polished young gentleman, and his models in all things are those which inspire him to manliness of conduct and of opinions. In his school he is a marked character, without at any time showing on his own part a disposition to obtain unusual notice. However, in our schools every talent and every virtue is noticed and used as an example, and hence our subject cannot escape the recognition that is his due. Grammar School No. 11 has over twelve hundred pupils. It is delightfully located in one of the most attractive sections of Brooklyn.

MARION S. DECKER,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARION S. DECKER is an intellectual and interesting girl who was selected in Grammar School No. 4, Ryerson Street, near Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., as the representative of the second class. Looking at the faces of those in the class, before she was chosen, we were struck with the intelligence and amiability of her own. She was absorbed with the lesson of the hour, and it could not be doubted, both from her appearance and occupation, that she was a brilliant scholar. Her modesty of deportment, her sincerity of character, and her strictness of principles and other personal qualities, have long made her the admiration of those who know her. She was born in Buffalo, N. Y., August 27th, 1865, and is therefore fourteen years of age. She is the daughter of Andrew J. and Martha U. Decker. At the age of ten years she entered one of the lower classes of her present school, and she has been advanced at every term. She has been at the head of classes, and her percentage has always been among the highest. Her penmanship is of rare excellence. Her recent examination was fully equal to any previously passed by her, and she stands deservedly with the honored pupils of her class and school.

* * *

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "Keep your Bounds," "Inventive Ben," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued from page 27.)

BENKEI felt proud of being termed chum by a noble, and to be asked to join him in winning.

Poor fellow, he could no more shake off his old feeling than a fish could dance a polka. In ten minutes he was betting away as anxiously as any man in the room.

At first the pair won, then, as the hour of midnight drew near, lost heavily.

Bangs never touched a card, all he did being to remain in the room and cash checks.

By one o'clock Benkei and Ando had lost all their available funds, and were gazing ruefully at the cards.

Luckily, the bulk of the freshman's money was in Mr. Fillamore's keeping, or the young man might have been literally beggared. As it was, he had dropped eighteen hundred dollars.

"If I had another stake I'd lay it on that card," he said, turning to Bangs, who was standing near, watching him.

"Put up your watch and chain," suggested the little rascal.

"Will you advance money or buy them?" eagerly demanded Ben.

"My dear boy, I'm not a pawnbroker," sneered Josephus. "I am only the proprietor of this club-house."

There was a heavy sum on the board, and, on hearing Bangs's reply, Ando whispered to his friend:

"Call your trinkets a thousand dollars, and see if the dealer will accept them at that—five hundred dollars each for us."

The person who ran the game for Bangs agreed to Ben's offer, and, after the freshman had placed the jewelry on the table, turned up the cards.

The Japanese had lost.

As they were quitting the room the dwarf said, with a quiet chuckle:

"Come again, gentlemen, and bring your friends—better luck next time. Good-night."

"Good-night!" coldly returned the losers.

The next morning Benkei was once more wearing the watch and chain he had purchased in Tokio.

"Hello, chum!" said Dan, as they made a rush for chapel. "You look glum. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Ben, who was too proud to say anything about his experience at Bangs's club-house.

That afternoon the story was circulated among the boys, and it soon reached Orville and Dan.

"This is scandalous," said the former to his brother. "Let us call that little wretch to account."

"Suppose we drop in and see chum this evening?" suggested Dan. "Since we have gone in for rowing we've scarcely had ten minutes of his society, excepting at recitations or meal-times."

"I'm willing," said Orv. "Ben seems to be quite carried away by Ando's patronage. We must try and break up their intimacy. The prince is a good fellow, but does not really care for Benkei."

After dinner, when the collegians were leaving Memorial Hall, Orv took one of Ben's arms and Dan the other, and moved with him toward the yard, chatting as they went.

When they neared Matthew's the Japanese said:

"You must excuse me now, chums; I have an appointment with Prince Ando."

"No, we cannot let you off," answered Orv. "We want to have a chat. You must come with us."

They marched him up to their parlor; when he was seated, and the door secured, Dan said:

"See here, brother Yuso, what is this story we hear about your losing your money and jewelry at Bangs's gambling-house?"

For a moment Ben's lips quivered indignantly, and had any other person thus addressed him he would have declined to reply; as it was, he presently answered:

"Dan, I do not think you have any right to interfere with my private affairs," then rising, moved to quit the room.

"Stop!" cried his friends, excitedly, while Orville, placing his back against the door and extending his right hand, added:

"One moment; you must not leave us thus! Ben, chum, don't forget old times!"

The Japanese could not stand this appeal.

"We don't want to meddle with your personal matters, brother," said Dan, also holding out his hand. "We think too much of your friendship to quarrel with you."

"I am in the wrong," murmured the young man, returning their hearty grip. "I will tell you all, only promise me one thing. You must not make any attempt to recover either my watch or money?"

At first the brothers demurred against giving any such pledge, but finally yielded, on which Benkei related what the reader already knows.

When the recital was ended Orville, who was intensely indignant, rose and remarked:

"I'm going to make that fellow quit Cambridge."

"He'll not move for you or any one else," said Ben; "and if you cross him will do something desperate. Mind, I have your promise that you will not interfere with him on my behalf."

"All right, I will keep my word!" said Orville, sternly. "You stay here with Dan until I come back. This is my fight, and I mean to do what I say."

In another moment he was off.

"Come, Dan," nervously observed Benkei, "we must follow him, his blood is up, and Bangs is armed. I saw the handle of a revolver projecting from his hip-pocket. You know how hot-headed your brother is?"

"Yes; guess we'd better go after him. I didn't think of what you said," hurriedly answered the other. "Orv won't take any talk from Bangs. They'd best not meet."

When the pair reached the quad Orville was out of sight, finding which they started at a run for Oxford Street.

As they arrived near Bangs's establishment they beheld Orv enter it.

CHAPTER XXI.

ORVILLE GRAPPLES WITH THE TIGER.

WHEN Orville Fillamore made up his mind to do anything, the matter was half accomplished.

He knew it would be impossible to induce Benkei or Mr. Ando to lodge a complaint against Bangs. He was also aware that, unless he could prove what sort of a den the club was, the authorities would not take action in the matter; while, at the same time, he knew full well it would be folly to force an entrace and bully the dwarf, who, as Ben had stated, always carried arms.

The only thing for the freshman was to gain admittance to the place, lose some money, and charge Josephus with keeping a gambling-house.

This would involve the odium of being looked upon as an informer, in addition to which he would publicly acknowledge having gambled, and thus render himself liable to expulsion from the university.

He had weighed these alternatives in his mind and was determined to sacrifice himself.

Upon knocking at the door of the establishment he was admitted by a servant, who, glancing searchingly at him, demanded his business.

"Take my card to Mr. Bangs," he said. "Tell him I would like to join the party above."

The man delivered this message, on hearing which Josephus changed color and muttered:

"Hang the fellow! I suppose he has come after his chum's jewelry; he won't get it without paying."

He was wearing the watch and chain.

"Well, what can he do?" said his dealer. "I took the articles at a valuation, and you can say you bought them of me. I don't see what you've got to be nervous about."

"These Fillamores are regular fire-eaters," growled the dwarf. "This man, Orv, tackled Radway Morrice, who was big enough to eat him."

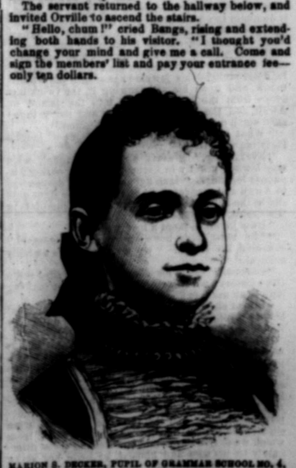
"He won't make more than a mouthful of you, then," sneered his employé, who secretly hated the little bully. "If you're afraid, decline to see him."

"He says he'd like to join the party above," remarked the servant. "He's quite pleasant and nice-spoken."

"Very well, then," grumbled Bangs; "show him up. I'll make him sign the club-list. After that he can't do anything against us. If he cuts up rough, we three can whip him."

The servant returned to the hallway below, and invited Orville to ascend the stairs.

"Hello, chum!" cried Bangs, rising and extending both hands to his visitor. "I thought you'd change your mind and give me a call. Come and sign the members' list and pay your entrance fee—only ten dollars."



MARION S. DECKER, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Orville winced a moment, he not having anticipated this; then, nodding acquiescence, took the pen and signed his name boldly:

“Orville Fillamore. No. —, Matthew's, Harvard College.”

As he did so the man who had admitted him entered the room and said:

“There are two gentlemen in the entry who want to speak with you, mister.”

“Invite them to join us,” suggested Bangs, who was utterly puzzled by the freshman's act. “Any friends of yours are welcome to this club, old man.”

Orv. felt like striking the speaker, but refrained, as it would have completely defeated his plan to punish him, so he quietly answered:

“No; I'll go down to them.”

He descended to where Dan and Benkei were anxiously awaiting him and said, in Japanese:

“Well, what is it? I do not require any assistance.”

“If you won't return with us, we mean to share this business with you,” said Benkei. “Your brother and I are scared about you; we know your quick temper.”

“Yes,” remarked Dan, who also spoke in Ben's language; “come back with us and leave that rascal alone.”

“Boys,” smilingly replied Orv, in the same tongue, “I'm not going to back out. I've seen the dwarf and am getting along nicely. Now you bustle or you'll spoil everything. I've no intention of quarreling with the cur.”

Bangs was listening to this with distended ears and mouth.

He would have given a thousand dollars to know what they said

It required considerable argument to induce Dan and Ben to retire; however, they finally did so, and when Orv rejoined Josephus, he said:

“My brother and chum were anxious I should not play. I told them I would, and they left.”

“I suppose the Jap has made a big row over losing this watch?” said Bangs. “I bought it of the man who won it. Your friend can have it for five hundred dollars.”

“I'll purchase it for him,” quietly remarked the freshman, producing his check-book. “I suppose you'll take my paper?”

“I'd prefer the cash,” said the wily rascal. “I have no bank account.

“Very well,” coolly answered Orville; “I will go and fetch the amount in bills. I suppose there is not much card-playing here until about nine or ten o'clock?”

“No; there are only a few outsiders up-stairs now,” responded Bangs, who was not at all anxious to keep his jewelry. “You get the bills; the university boys don't drop in until later in the evening.”

Orv took his hat and descended the stairs, letting himself out of the house with a pass-key given him by the proprietor, who, when his visitor had retired, rubbed his hands and said:

“I see your little game, my noble fresh. You've pledged yourself to recover these things, so came here under the pretence of wanting to join the club. Wish I'd asked you a cool thou', now! It's a smart move of yours. We shall never catch you up-stairs. I ought to have suspected this move, from your civility.”

He did not know Orville was determined to play and lose money so that he could be in a position to make a charge against him, Bangs being incapable of understanding such an act of sacrifice as was involved in the freshman's plan.

When Fillamore reached his rooms in Matthew's he found his brother and Benkei there.

“Hello!” said Dan. “What did Bangs say?”

Orv went to his cash-box, and, taking out some bills, relocked it and remarked:

“Oh, he's civil enough! Don't wait up for me to-night; I may be late.”

Ere he could make any further observations he was off again.

“I cannot understand Orville,” said Benkei.

“Neither can I,” murmured Dan. “He took out a lot of money. Surely he don't mean to gamble? He's too sensible to—I mean he would never——”

Here he paused, and Ben ended the sentence by saying:

“He would never be such a fool! I know it. A sensible man avoids being fleeced at cards as I was.”

“I did not quite mean that,” murmured his companion.

“Anyhow, it's the truth,” answered the Japanese. “In my country we have a saying: ‘He who gambles is one-eyed. He plays with Ema (the demon) who has three eyes. Before you indulge in this folly throw your cash into the ocean.’”

“Then your countrymen are addicted to gambling?” inquired Dan. “I thought that vice was—peculiar—to foreigners?”

“Why don't you say right out that you thought it a mark of civilization?” merrily answered Ben. “My dear chum, gambling, like a thirst for blood, is common to all nations. It is not an American or European institution, but was originated in Japan when the gods descended to the earth and created our lovely islands. Izan-agi (the first man) and Izan-ami (the first woman) met on the bridge of heaven. Izan-agi plunged his jeweled spear into the waters below, and upon his withdrawing it, the twinkling drops from the blade formed into the island of Awaji, and the seven other large and many thousand small ones we now term Dai Nippon.”

“What has that to do with gambling?” laughingly inquired Dan.

“Everything,” gravely answered Benkei, who was always greatly in earnest when repeating Japanese legends. “Izan-agi and his wife descended to Awaji and separated, he walking to the right and she to the left. At their meeting, after completing the circuit, she spoke first, saying:

“How joyful to meet a lovely man!”

“She must have been an American woman,” chuckled his friend. “Go on, Ben; it's awfully comical.”

“Comical!” cried his chum; “this is *jitsu-roku* (true history) not *zu-san* (fiction). I am not making it up to amuse you!”

“Steam ahead, old man,” said Dan; “all ancient history is funny enough. How came your Japanese Adam and Eve to invent gambling?”

“It was thus,” said Benkei: “Izan-agi, indignant at the woman for having had the first word, pretended not to have heard it and passed on; thus compelling her to repeat her walk. Upon their again meeting, he saluted her, crying, ‘How joyful it is to meet a lovely woman!’ adding, ‘*I spoke first!*’ Then ensued a quarrel, and in order to determine which was in the right, he produced some slips of white *otza*, marked with certain signs, from which we derive our numbers. Dealing these alternately to his wife and himself, he bade her stake her word against his, and thus invented card-playing.”

“Which of them won?” demanded Dan, winking slyly.

Benkei smiled in reply, and, rolling his eyes, said:

“It was a drawn-game. From that time a woman's word has, in Japan, been considered as good as a man's.”

“Guess it's often a deal more reliable,” said his chum.

“It was the deal that settled it!” murmured Ben; “after that he could not cut her.”

“Did you intend to get off a pun?” solemnly asked Dan. “Oh, old friend, don't—please don't! Pile on the poetry as much as you like, but—stop at punning.”

“Wasn't that a *new* one?” faltered the Japanese.

“New!” sighed Dan, pretending to be very sad. “My dear boy, there are no such things as new puns—they're all staler than ancient fish. I believe Mr. Izan-agi made that one when he played *otza* with Mrs. Izan-ami! It's as old as Adam and Eve.”

“Chum,” said Ben, very earnestly, “of course I wish to adopt all American customs that are good, but at the same time I must be allowed to choose for myself. We Japanese are fond of the word-twisting you call punning, and I shall get one off whenever I feel like it.”

“Good enough!” cried his companion, patting him on the back. “I like you to stand up for your independence. You're right, old man! Orv and I have often advised you when you knew what to do better than we did.”

“You're not offended at my desire to be permitted to think and act for myself, are you?” said Benkei. “When you were in my country I many times felt like telling you not to do certain things, and——”

“Go on,” cried Dan; “say you did not do so because you felt it would have been impertinent. You are in the right, chum, and after this I will never have the cheek to dictate to you.”

They shook hands, and procuring their books, began to dig (study) for the morrow's recitations.

Leaving them hard at work we will return to Orville, who, on rejoining Bangs at the club-house, paid for the watch, et cetera, and pocketing them, accompanied Josephus to the upper room, which was, by that time, filled with young men, who were all more or less interested in the game in progress.

“I said you would change your mind and give me a call,” remarked the grinning dwarf. “Won't you try your luck?”

“Yes,” quietly returned the freshman, nodding to Ando, who had just raked in a lot of bills; “I'll put fity on this card.”

He intended to lose and retire, then go straight to police headquarters and lodge a complaint.

To his annoyance, he won.

As he replaced his money on the board Bangs slyly whispered in his ear:

“Go it; you're in luck, chum!”

Orville was stung by these words, and when the dealer displayed the cards, hoped most fervently they were against him.

“By Jove, won again!” chuckled Josephus.

“I leave it all on the same card,” said the freshman, speaking loud enough to attract general attention. “I have no desire to win.”

The lookers-on thought he was crazy.

Up came the cards, and Orville received five thousand dollars.

“That ends play for the night,” said the dealer. “The bank is broken.”

Orville crammed his winnings into his pocket, quitted the table, descended the stairs, left the house and proceeded to the City Hall. Come what might, he was bent on closing Bangs's establishment.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BASEBALL MATCH.

“WHAT!” exclaimed the sergeant of police on duty, when Orville stated his charge and handed him the pile of bills; “do you mean to tell me, after winning all that, you want to go for the proprietor of the house?”

“I do,” was his firm reply. “I went to the place in order to qualify myself to make this complaint, not to gamble. Come, take down my statement. I wish to get back to my rooms. I have some studies I must do before I retire for the night.”

“Very well,” nodded the officer. “Whom did you see besides Josephus Bangs and the dealer?”

“I did not go there to inform against his victims,” said the freshman. “I went to learn enough for my purpose, so as not to involve any one but myself in the affair. I require the arrest of Bangs and his employé. There is my card. Now give me a receipt for that money and let me go. I'll be on hand to-morrow, or at any time you may require me as witness.”

The sergeant did as he was requested, and after the collegian had signed the sheet and departed, turned to an officer and said:

“Take a squad and pull that den. This beats all I ever came across. The freshman seems awfully in earnest. I think he'll get himself into trouble, though. Gambling is a State prison offense.”

The policemen were mustered, and within half an hour, Bangs and his man were locked up in separate cells, the dwarf remarking, as they quitted him for the night:

“I'll have Mr. Orv Fillamore here to-morrow.”

At daybreak he sent to Boston for two lawyers, and upon his being brought before the justice, he demanded that his accusers should be taken into custody. However, his request was not complied with.

The court-room was crowded with university men, among whom were members of the Faculty, trustees, proctors and other officials, who understood the bravery of Orville's act, and were anxious he should not be punished for sacrificing himself.

The magistrate who tried the case was a graduate of Harvard, and apart from his official position, proud of the college.

Bangs's legal advisers smiled confidently, and made a great show of the book containing the list of subscribers to the club.

“I am here to attend to your interest, Mr. Fillamore,” said a white-haired gentleman, ex-Judge K——, a well-known lawyer. “I wish you had consulted me before you undertook to move in this matter. Come into this room and give me all the particulars.”

Orville retired with him and related what he had done, on hearing which the gentleman said:

“I am sorry you signed that paper. Never mind; your motive was good.”

When the case was called, Orv was put in the witness chair and told to state his charge, which he did briefly, honestly and clearly, winding up with:

“I was afraid if I did not act, that young man would ruin a number of victims. I have no desire to become an informer, less to be a gambler, and still less to accept the money I was permitted to win. That sum, I respectfully request, may be given to the Cambridge free hospital.”

“'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!” cheered the boys.

“Silence!” thundered the usher. “Si-lence in the court!”

In vain Bangs's lawyers pleaded their client was innocent. The book upon which they had relied to implicate Orville proved that Josephus was the proprietor of the so-called club, and he and his man were each sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a heavy fine.

As he passed the freshman, who had been complimented by the bench for his gallant act, he hissed:

“I'll be even with you over this, you scrub!”

Orville did not reply; he merely turned his back upon him, and, handing Benkei a small parcel, said:

“Chum, here's your property.”

When they reached the entrance to the building a number of his class seized Orv and carried him in triumph to Memorial Hall.

From that day he became a recognized leader, and one of the most popular men in the college.

In returning the jewelry to his friend he had purposely refrained from exacting any promise with regard to gambling, believing that Benkei would never again be so foolish.

For the next few weeks the chums worked like beavers, both at studies and athletics, though they were not put forward as the coming oarsmen and pitcher.

“We'll break up this betting business,” said Strong to Stout, a few days before the great baseball match between Harvard and Yale. “The outsiders are ignorant of Benkei's powers and are backing our opponents. I tell you his pitching will make some of these fellows look bluer than their colors. He's a wonder.”

“So are his chums,” responded Stout. “I had them out one night last week with my six, in the eight-oared, and I never saw such work. They fell right into the stroke at once and spun her along ding-dong. Those Fillamores are as strong as blacksmiths, and as modest over their ability as though they did not think anything of it. I know I shall have a row with my numbers three and four, but, on the morning of the race, must throw them over for the brothers. I'm told Yale says she means to have us dead to rights this time, and, if I hadn't these two freshmen to fall back upon, I believe those fellows would whip us. Skerry, my number three, is shaky in his recover, and Bronson, my number four, has an awfully weak stomach; the slightest thing knocks him higher than a kite. We row on Quinsigamond this year, you know, and the water thereabouts affects some men in training.”

From day to day the friends consulted, and one bright afternoon in June Strong's team faced the Yale University nine on Jarvis field.

Under ordinary circumstances they would not have met so near to class-day, but any other time being found impossible, the clubs had given up hard study and gone into close training.

When the teams took up their places, Benkei came forward as pitcher, vice Breakwell, who had, for the last two seasons, been the leading man of the club.

This move disconcerted the betting men, and one of them boldly approached Strong, saying:

“Who is the new pitch, cap?”

“A Japanese gentleman,” was the cool reply. “Breakwell has sprained his wrist, and we've had to find a substitute. He's a good man, and you can back him to any amount. We're going to win this time.”

The fellow made a gesture of incredulity, and went off, shouting:

“Ten to one against Harvard!”

This cry was quickly caught up, and the Harvard boys who were in the secret invested heavily.

The space in the field set apart for the spectators was densely packed with human beings, Boston as well as Cambridge having sent a great number of elegant equipages, filled with fashionable people.

“That's Longfellow,” said one of the catchers to Ben, as they awaited the signal to commence—“take a good look at him!”

“Where is he?” exultingly inquired the Japanese. “I've tried to see him several times, but have failed. That grand, white-haired old man? I am, indeed, honored by having an opportunity of playing in his presence.”

“Stations!” shouted Strong, and from that moment Ben had no time to think about the distinguished poet.

Space will not permit us to describe the game, which was well-played on both sides; suffice it to say, Benkei's pitching secured the victory, the score being Harvard 32, Yale 25.

The betting men were literally nowhere, many of them bolting in order to avoid paying their losses.

“'Rah, 'rah, 'rah,” cried the victors, and ere Benkei knew what they were about to do, he was hoisted on the shoulders of two stalwart men, and carried triumphantly round the field.

That evening, at a grand dinner given at the Parker House, Boston, in honor of their victory, Strong said:

“Gentlemen, I have seen some wonderfully tall pitching in my time, and can say that our worthy chum, Mr. Yuzo Benkei, can put the twist on them all. I propose his jolly good health, and may he live long to pitch into his opponents as he has to-day into ours.”

This speech was received in true Harvard style, and when order was restored, Ben rose and thanked them in a modest speech, during which he turned to his chums and said:

“Our worthy captain has thought fit to eulogize what he terms the *Japanese* style of pitching a baseball. Gentlemen, I do not owe that to my ancestors, who were, unhappily, ignorant of this game, but to my best friends and true chums, Orville and Dan Fillamore. When I met them, or, rather, when they discovered me in the wilds of Yuzo, I knew no more of your national game than I did of the differential and integral calculus. They enlightened me, and in their honor my style should be called the Fillamore.”

This, and much more in praise of his friends and of American institutions, was received by the collegians with loud “'Rahs,” and when he sat down there were deafening calls for Orville and Dan.

“You speak, Orv,” hurriedly whispered his brother, as they rose and faced the music. “Go ahead!”

Orville was naturally an orator, and as he stood there with his handsome, honest face turned toward his chum he looked the beau-ideal of a student.

“Gentlemen,” he began, smiling upon Benkei, “there is an old saying in Japan, ‘Nobunaga was blind when he saw Hideyoshi, Goroza, Shibata and Ikéda, his beloved companions in war and peace.’ Our chum, Yuzo Benkei, owes little to us. But for his wonderful physique and readiness to learn he would never have become so proficient a pitcher as he is. He has simply asserted the truth of his countrymen's boast, ‘The arms or glory of Japan shall shine beyond the seas.’”

“'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!” excitedly cheered the boys, while Benkei, whose face was aglow with pride, sprang to his feet and cried:

“Ah, this is the day of my life! I am prouder than an ancient Daimio of a hundred thousand kokus. I am received as an equal by the honorable members of this grand institution. This, gentlemen, is the work of my noble friends, Orville and Dan. If you desire to honor me, call my style of pitching the Fillamore.”

This was agreed upon, and after more speeches and singing by some members of the glee club the party broke up. From that day nobody referred to Ben as “the Jap.”

The time flew quickly, and on the nineteenth of June Orville, Dan and Benkei went up to the Parker House, and welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Fillamore, Nellie, Rose and Sophie Lamont.

After an immense amount of kissing and hand-shaking the girls told their brothers they were going to remain until commencement was over, and accompany them to Quinsigamond.

“Good enough!” cried Orville. “Of course, you'll feel interested in the exercises, but it will be nothing to what you will experience when we graduate.”

“Certainly not,” was her rejoinder. “Our interest to-morrow will mostly be centred in your handsome friend, Mr. Mortimer.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORTIMER'S SPREAD.

JUNE 20th, 18—, was a great day for Don Mortimer and the rest of his class, and considerably excited the freshmen, sophomores and juniors, to say nothing of what the boys termed “stirring up” everybody connected with the college, from the gardener's aids, who clipped and rolled the grass in the quad, to the President, who, just at that time, was more than usually occupied with his official duties.

Cambridge woke up, too, and presented quite an animated appearance, for though she sometimes pretends to ignore interest in Harvard, it is only like a mother who makes believe not to be pleased at the gambols of her child, while, in reality, she is secretly proud over his performance.

Of course the seniors were the heroes of the day, and it was amusing to hear the interest taken in them by the other classes.

At an early hour the college yard was dotted with groups of students eagerly discussing the merits of the senior class, while the principal hotels of Boston and Cambridge were crammed with the mothers and the fathers and the brothers and the uncles and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of graduates past, present and to come.

Skerry, Cottar and Wackrell were lounging by the main gate of the yard when the carriages containing the Fillamore party arrived and were welcomed by the chums.

“I say, boys,” remarked Skerry, as Nellie, Rose and Sophie descended and turned in order to glance at Harvard Hall, “ain't those swell girls?”

By swell he meant exceedingly pretty, the collegians seldom speaking in the ordinary language of their fellow-citizens.

“Yes,” admiringly nodded Cottar. “They are the handsomest we've seen yet. I tell you the fellow who entertains them will be fortunate.”

“I've got an idea,” whispered Skerry, who, with his companions, bowed to the party as they passed.

“Keep it, then, Sker,” laughingly replied Cottar. “It's a rare thing for you to have, and you ought to be very careful of it.”

“Oh, stow your chaff,” said the tall soph, adding, in a lower tone: “Boys, my folks are not coming up to witness the exercises this year. I only knew of it just now; therefore my room will not be occupied.”

“Well, let my friends have it, then?” suggested Wackrell. “I have an old aunt whose money I expect to some day handle. I've secured her a seat in Harvard, but would rather have your den.”

“I'm sorry I cannot oblige you, chum,” said Skerry. “No doubt the old lady would enjoy the sight from my room, but my plan is to offer the latter to the Fillamores.”

“My sisters are coming from Boston at noon,” said Cottar. “I think they would like to see the fun at the tree.”

“You shall have the apartment next year,” was Skerry's answer. “The Fillamores have proved themselves to be thorough gentlemen, and I want to show the boys what I think of them.”

“You bet those girls know all about our scrape,” growled Wackrell. “They'll be secretly laughing at you all the time.”

“I'll chance that,” he said, and away he went to hunt up the chums.

By that time the college yard was a scene of great excitement, as the guests were beginning to arrive in large numbers, and were strolling about the grounds, chatting with their friends, while the caterers who supplied the various spreads were hurrying hither and thither, directing their white-aproned and gloved colored assistants, who were as dignified in their movements as the stiffest senior. Every now and again florist's wagons would halt at the side-entrances to the green and discharge big, paper-enveloped packages, for on class-day, as on most other occasions, the students spread themselves in the matter of flowers. All was hurry, bustle and animation, and the weather being perfect, the affair promised to be an immense success.

Five thousand invitations had been sent out, and as they included the friends of those invited, over ten thousand guests were provided for.

In addition to those, there were a mighty host of graduates, members of the Pi-eta Society, who yearly return to Harvard in order to renew old friendships, and many of these being prominent men, a special spread had been prepared for them in Upper Massachusetts Hall.

Promptly at ten o'clock A. M. the senior class assembled in front of Holworthy, each student wearing a dress suit and a tall hat.

Prince Ando, who was one of the marshals, went down the line, carrying his baton as though it were a sacred relic, and on meeting Don Mortimer, who, as orator of the day, was robed, saluted him in Japanese fashion, by bowing almost to the ground.

While he was executing this manœuvre the chief marshal gave the word “March,” and away started the seniors, leaving Ando to run after them, which he did at a killing pace.

As the seniors vanished the juniors, sophs and freshmen formed in open ranks on the avenue leading to the chapel, and awaited the conclusion of the service.

The chums had secured seats for their friends in the Saunders Theatre, and had seen them into their places before the parade began, so they had nothing on their minds, and when Ando started to run, Orv, Dan and Ben joined in the “'Rahs” that greeted his agile performance.

While they were awaiting the reappearance of the seniors from the chapel, Skerry handed Orville a note, which the latter opened and read, as follows:

"MY DEAR FILLAMORE—I saw you welcoming your friends at the main gate, and it occurred to me they would like to witness the struggle at the tree. My room, No. —, Hollis, is very much at the service of yourself, brother, and Mr. Benkei.

"Yours, cordially,
"WALDRON F. SKERRY."

Orville passed this to Dan and Ben, and after a brief consultation, penciled the following reply:

"MY DEAR SKERRY—Your kindness is fully appreciated, both by our friend Benkei, Dan and myself, and we accept your offer. Will be on hand with our friends about five o'clock.

"Very sincerely yours,
"ORVILLE FILLAMORE."

He handed this to the soph, who, when he had perused it, nodded and smiled.

It was a generous revenge, and the chums fully appreciated his act.

The service in the chapel, which was densely crowded with spectators, was a solemn one, as the senior class was for the last time attending prayers.

When it was over they formed once more in front of Holworthy, and, led by the band, marched to the Saunders Theatre, where they took their places on the platform and glanced at the tiers of faces ranged in a semicircle before them.

"That tall, handsome man in the robes is Mr. Mortimer," whispered a gentleman to whom Nellie had applied for information. "He is the one who will deliver the oration."

On the right side of the platform were the seniors, who would probably never again be united in this world: on the left the gentlemen of the Faculty and distinguished guests of the day, and between the two groups were the President, his aids and the class-officers, the marshals, orator, poet, odist and chaplain.

In the loft behind them was the band, which, after the prayers, and at certain intervals during the exercises, played selections from "Pinafore," and other popular airs.

Every foot of space not occupied by the visitors was quickly filled by the juniors, sophs and freshmen—some of the latter perching themselves on the edges of the platform, where they tenaciously hung until crowded off by their fellows.

It was a most animated scene, and Rose, Nellie and Sophie, to whom it possessed all the charm of novelty, were delighted.

When silence was obtained, Don Mortimer rose, advanced to the front of the tribunal, and, after bowing with true Harvard grace, glanced at his mother, sisters and a certain young lady, who was worshiping him with *her* eyes, and began the oration by saying:

"I am proud to stand here as the representative of my class, so much honored that I feel almost incapable of the task required of me—the pleasant, sad duty of recounting the past and drawing your attention to our future, in which you will say, with just pride, I am a Harvard man!"

After briefly and graphically reviewing the class history, he alluded to their victories with the oar, polo mallet and baseball club, then spoke of their coming duties, winding up with an outburst of eloquence that caused the men among his audience to rise and cheer vociferously, and the ladies to alternately weep and wave their handkerchiefs.

It was a noble effort, and the chums felt justly proud of their friend.

Following Mortimer came the poet, who strung off the usual rapturous jingle, beginning with:

"Fair Harvard, we leave thee."

and concluding with:

"Gaze back on thy halls with delight."

"I wonder what dear old Longfellow thinks of that," murmured Dan to Benkei, as they gazed upon the venerable poet, who occupied a place of honor on the platform. "I reckon he puts wool in his ears when the class-poet begins to spout. Wait until you have the chance, Ben; you'll astonish him."

"I should esteem it the crowning honor of my life to be elected class-poet and have to deliver my composition before him," said the Japanese, in a low voice. "He is the greatest poet in the world."

Further conversation was cut short by the rising of a distinguished graduate, an old lawyer from somewhere out West, who had come a thousand miles in order to say a few words to the boys.

He was a grand-looking man, and his brief oration sank into their minds, its purport being:

"Wherever you are, remember Alma Mater, and add glory to her name by living and dying like Harvard men."

When the exercises were over, Don had the honor of quitting the theatre arm-in-arm with the President, who, as they parted, whispered:

"Mr. Mortimer, your oration was a most excellent one, well thought out and admirably delivered. I congratulate you most sincerely."

The senior flushed with pleasure, for standing near him were his family and the young lady who would some day be his wife.

As soon as the crowd dispersed he proceeded to his rooms, where an elegant repast had been prepared.

Of course there were more extensive "feeds," notably the one in Massachusetts Hall, but *the* spread of the occasion was, without doubt, given by Mortimer, and happy were those who had been favored with invites.

For two hours there was a jam of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen thronging the entry to his rooms, and among the guests were the marshals, the odist and the orator from out West.

As may be imagined, the Fillamore girls enjoyed themselves beyond measure, and with Sophie, turned hundreds of heads and brought crowds of admirers to their feet, Strong, the captain of the baseball club, monopolizing the society of Miss Lamont, and driving Benkei half wild with jealousy.

"Why don't you pay more attention to Miss ——?" whispered Orville. "She's sitting there, looking as sad as Penelope. Say, Ben, old chum, go and cheer her up."

"I wish I had *never* met her," ruefully answered Benkei. "She's awfully intellectual, and all that, and I admire her talents, but—look at her face. She's as withered as one of old Ki-ku-chi's mermaids. Just watch Miss Lamont. She's a ten-jin" (angel).

"That's nothing to do with it," teased his chum; "Mortimer invited Miss —— here solely on your account, and the least you can do will be to pay attention to the young lady."

"*Young!*" moaned Ben. "She's thirty-five, if she's a day."

As the Japanese went off to wait upon the grim spinster, Dan told his sisters the joke, and whenever Benkei stole away from the lady, the girls insisted upon his returning to her, so he was well punished for having deserted Sophie.

Of course this was all fun, as nobody desired or expected he would marry in America.

During the progress of the spread, Don introduced his parents and family to the Fillamores, and the girls and their elders at once became warm friends, Mr. Mortimer insisting that the party should visit them at Ivy Hall and stay over commencement.

After ample justice had been done to the viands, and the young ladies had filled their programme cards with names of partners, they adjourned to Memorial Hall, where they danced until five o'clock; meanwhile, the outsiders and general public were entertained with music in the college yard.

As all the girls liked Benkei, both the Misses Mortimer and his chums' sisters and Sophie had reserved a dance for him. He had learned to waltz, et cetera, during his stay at Coopertown, and was passionately fond of the amusement, spite of which he stuck to the professor's daughter, a non-dancer, who drove him almost crazy by quoting Sophocles, Demosthenes, Aeschylus and Plato, and made him wish he had never quitted Dai Nippon or mastered the Greek alphabet.

It is true, he was not engaged to her, but having, since he was first introduced to her at a scientific meeting, paid the lady considerable attention, and written classic Chinese poetry for her, she considered Ben was her property, and treated him accordingly, so the poor fellow had not a chance to dance with either of his fair friends.

When the time came to go over to Hollis Hall he reluctantly informed her of Skerry's invite, upon hearing which she smiled in a bony fashion, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Benkei, I shall look *to you* for a bouquet from class-day tree."

There was nothing for him but to grin and bear it, so he bowed politely and said:

"Yes, I will try my best to procure you one."

He offered her his arm and escorted the lady to Skerry's room, taking care to linger so that all the other ladies should first secure their seats.

"There, miss," he murmured, as he handed her to a chair; "now please excuse me a moment; I am going down to join the boys."

The lady bowed, and covered her blushing face with her fan; she wasn't used to that sort of thing, and his attention flattered her immensely.

This was lucky, for as Benkei was retiring from the apartment Sophie intercepted him, and after expressing her regret at not having been honored with his company at Memorial Hall, said:

"Now, Mr. Benkei, if you desire to regain my favor you must bring me a bouquet from the class-day tree. Mind, I expect it of you!"

"My goodness," he groaned, as he descended the stairs, "I'm in for it now. Oh, son of my parents, you've got yourself into a nice hole! Never mind; I'll secure those bouquets if it costs me my life!"

Ben's mad was up, and he meant what he said.

[To be continued.]

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 667.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PITCHER IS BROKEN.

GUIDED by Mary Frank, Roy Bellingham, Toss Meade and the rangers rode swiftly toward the lone house in the suburbs.

As they proceeded several shots were fired at them from the house-tops, but without effect.

These treacherous shots greatly exasperated Toss Meade. He borrowed a rifle from one of his men.

"I'll stop that sort of fun," he said. "The next greaser that draws a bead on us from a house-top will have a funeral in his family."

Toss watched the house-tops narrowly.

Presently he saw a gun-barrel protruding from a parapet, and a human head above it. He raised the rifle to his shoulder, took a quick aim and fired. The gun was jerked forward, falling into the street, and the head disappeared.

"You hit him, Toss!" cried Roy.

"You bet I did! I never waste my bullets. He's got his gruel! Here, let's have another rifle. Take yours, Steve, and load up. Now I'm ready to pepper another one. Next! as the barbers say."

Toss scanned the house-tops on both sides of the street as they rode on, but another opportunity to try his skill did not present itself.

The swift punishment that had befallen their countryman checked further hostile efforts on the part of the Mexicans. They slunk down behind their parapets, and suffered the rangers to pass without further molestation.

A swift canter brought them to the lone house. Roy caused his rangers to surround it in such a manner as to prevent escape. He then dismounted and rang the bell.

As he did so Toss and four rangers kept a sharp watch of the wall to prevent him from being fired upon treacherously.

Some five minutes passed away, and the summons was unanswered.

"I fear we are too late," said Roy. "The house appears to be deserted."

"Is the gate locked?" asked Toss.

"Yes."

"Then give the bell another jerk—and jerk it like thunder."

Roy pulled vigorously at the bell-knob.

"If that is not answered we will force the gate," he said.

He waited another five minutes, and then a little square was opened in the gate, and the withered face of a woman appeared.

"What seek you?" she demanded, in Mexican.

"Captain Tomaso," answered Roy.

The beak-like eyes of the woman surveyed Roy suspiciously, but when they wandered to Mary Frank they changed their expression.

"It is the señora's daughter!" she cried. "They are friends; they have been sent for, though I was not told. You are welcome!"

The aperture was closed, and presently the gate swung wide open to admit them.

"This is strange!" cried Roy, as he remounted his horse; "there will not be any resistance here."

Toss shook his head dubiously.

"We don't know about that," he answered. "Look out for a trap."

"I will; but if they had intended to fight us they would not have opened the gate."

"That is what I think," said Mary Frank.

"May be; but the pitcher that goes——"

"Let us enter!" cried Roy, cutting Toss short.

They rode through the gate, the woman closing it after them. As they approached the house they saw Ned Graghty sitting on the veranda, in a listless attitude, smoking a pipe. There were no signs of any of the rest of the bandits.

The sound of their horses' hoofs caused him to raise his head, and he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise as he beheld and recognized them.

"It's herself that's come back," he cried; "the yellow-haired angel! And Mister Roy, that broth o' a boy, and the freckled-faced Yankee. Oh, but isn't it welcome the sight of ye is, just at this prisint moment, to those two eyes of mine!"

This cordial greeting somewhat surprised them.

"Where's your band?" demanded Roy.

"Scattered through the city after plunder."

"Is Tomaso with them?"

"No, he's here."

"And Zelia—Mrs. Bellingham—you know who I mean; is she here?"

"She is."

"I have come for her."

"Begorra! it's a great pity ye didn't come sooner."

"You know I could not permit her to remain here."

"I didn't think you would."

"My men have surrounded the house. It will be folly for Tomaso to offer any resistance."

"He'll not do it, Master Roy," answered Graghty, shaking his head lugubriously. "The fight is all taken out of him now."

Roy was puzzled.

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Come with me and I'll show you. I was hoping I could have got word to you some way, and it's a merciful dispensation that sent you here."

"Something has happened!" cried Mary Frank, as they followed Graghty into the house.

"Undoubtedly; but what?" rejoined Roy, perplexedly.

The rangers remained without, by Roy's direction, and he, Mary Frank and Toss entered the house with Graghty.

He led them into the saloon, where a ghastly sight awaited them.

Stretched upon a long table, with a sheet covering all but their faces, side by side, rested the bodies of Tom Hartnett and Zelia Bellingham.

"Dead!" cried Roy, in amazement.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Mary Frank, greatly shocked.

"It's what I expected, and I warned him, but he would not heed," said Graghty; and his voice was husky, and his features worked with strong emotion. "Poor Tom! She died for him, as I knew she would. He thought he'd tamed her, but old Lucifer himself couldn't have done it."

"But who killed her?" asked Roy.

"He did—strangled the serpent that had stung him to death. She got up, sly as a cat, and found his knife, and stabbed him in his sleep, not once, but half a dozen times; but he got her by the throat and choked the life out of her before his strength failed him. He held her in the grip of death when I rushed into the room. He had just breath enough left to tell me how it happened, and then he let her drop, and fell dead beside her. Poor Tom! he wasn't the best man that ever lived, but it was a mean sort of a death to die."

Graghty turned his head away and sobbed like a child.

"Poor auntie!" murmured Mary Frank, her eyes filling with tears. "I am very sorry for her, though she acted cruelly toward me."

"Unhappy woman!" said Roy. "Her wayward life is over. May her soul rest in peace!"

"She carried her pitcher to the well once too often, as I knew she would," observed Toss, philosophically.

"They're both gone, and that's the end to them," said Ned. "Now, Mister Bellingham, out of memory for some good turns that Tom and I did you, won't ye help me to put him decently under the sod?"

"Indeed I will," answered Roy, promptly. "He may have been a bad man, but he was a brave one, and a good soldier, and he shall have a soldier's funeral. We will dig a grave for him in the garden, and my men shall fire a volley over him."

Graghty grasped Roy warmly by the hand.

"Thanks!" he cried. "Spoken like a gentleman and a soldier."

"But what will you do with aunty?" inquired Mary Frank.

"Take her with us to the house of Donna Eusebia Santmanet," replied Roy. "There we can arrange for her funeral."

"It's a good thing for you that she's dead," remarked Graghty. "She's worked mischief enough for you in your time, if you did but know it."

"Hush! she is dead," rejoined Roy, solemnly. "Let the grave cover all her faults. For whatever injury she has done to me and mine I forgive her, and may Heaven forgive her, too."

* * * * * *

Roy and Toss Meade took up their quarters at the house of Donna Eusebia Santmanet whilst the peace was being negotiated, and Roy soon discovered that a vigorous courtship was in progress, not only between Richard Eaton and Donna Eusebia, but between Feliciana and Toss Meade.

In spite of his freckled face and sandy hair, Toss had found favor in the eyes of the Mexican maid. As she could not hope to win Roy, perhaps she thought the next best thing was to take his "friend and pitcher."

The proclamation of peace ended our friends' commissions, as they were only volunteers, though Roy was offered a commission in the regular army.

"You have had enough fighting for the present," said Mary Frank; and so Roy declined it.

Any wish expressed by that young lady was a law to Roy.

The wedding-day between Donna Eusebia and Richard Eaton, and Feliciana and Toss Meade was fixed. It was to be a double wedding on the same day.

"It's a good match for Toss," said Roy, in confidence, to Mary Frank.

"It's just as good for her, for she likes him," she answered.

"Of course. Suppose we get married on the same day?" he suggested.

"We will not do anything of the sort," she returned, with a decision that somewhat surprised him.

"Why not?"

"Because I have made up my mind to be married in the old house—your house in Boston, Roy. I will be the second daughter of the Alvertons to wed a Bellingham, and I cannot forget what the other one was."

"You are not a bit like Zelia."

"I should hope not! It was in the old mansion, where I lived so long, and where you called me your 'little wife,' that I wish to become so in reality. Don't you think you can have the patience to wait?" she added, archly.

"Oh, yes!" answered Roy.

THE END.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FEAST POSTPONED.

WHEN the boys went up to their dormitory on the night of the discovery of Benny Leadbitter's body, they were very sad at heart.

Benny had been a general favorite.

The knowledge of his terrible fate cast a shadow of gloom over nearly every inmate of the house for the time being.

Tom Ely and Bully Mungal, however, behaved very much as usual.

But Mosey Morton appeared to be much affected.

Daniel Welldone had provided a variety of eatables, which had been carefully stowed away.

"I want to speak to you, Pickwick," said the Diddler, sitting down on the chest, which contained the materials for the feast.

"Well?" said young Pickwick.

"I was thinking of a sad subject," said the Diddler, in a voice broken with emotion.

"Well," said young Pickwick again, as the Diddler paused; "go on."

"Well, I think we ought to put off our spread to-night—'pon honor," said the Diddler, speaking very quickly. "Remember poor little Benny."

"You are right," cried young Pickwick, heartily slapping him on the back.

His heart warmed to the Diddler.

He had not expected such a suggestion from that quarter.

"But will the other boys like the idea?" said the Diddler, suddenly. "I hope so."

"I'll ask them," said young Pickwick. "Boys, Diddler wishes to speak to you."

The boys crowded round.

"My lads," said the Diddler, "I suggest that we put off our feed out of respect to poor Benny."

Tom Ely and Bully Mungal were the only ones who did not put up their hands.

"Bosh," said Mungal. "Let's eat the cakes while they are fresh, and do the snivel afterward."

"We shall do nothing of the kind," said young Pickwick. "Diddler is right. We all loved Benny, and we will not feast to-night."

"The grub is yours, and you can do as you like with it, of course," said Bully Mungal; "but why do you pass the compliment of asking us the question if you don't intend us to speak our minds?"

"You have no feeling—you are a brute," cried young Pickwick.

"Not more brutal than the rest of the world," said Bully Mungal.

"Well, then, eat them all, if you have got the heart," cried young Pickwick, throwing open the lid of the chest.

"No, thank you," said Bully Mungal. "I don't want to be abused. Besides, I don't know but what you have poisoned the grub."

"Ha, you judge of us according to your own standard," said Pickwick.

The boys now quietly unrobed and went to bed.

The Diddler slept with the other boys, Swags being in disgrace.

Suddenly young Pickwick sat up in bed.

His example was immediately followed by the Diddler.

"I can't sleep," he said. "When I close my eyes I seem to see Benny Leadbitter and hear him calling to me to help him."

"Poor Benny!" said the Diddler.

"I am not a boy who believes in ghosts," continued young Pickwick; "but the events of this day have seriously impressed me. I know Benny is in heaven. No one could look upon his peaceful dead face and doubt it. I wish we were all as well prepared to die as he was."

The Diddler wiped his eyes, and he was heard to mutter something that sounded like "Amen."

"What's that in the room?" cried Bully Mungal, suddenly sitting up in bed. "Look, you fellows, what is it?"

"What's what?" said Tom Ely, looking up also.

The boys, with frightened looks, gazed toward the door.

A white figure was standing on the threshold.

It passed across the floor with slow and measured steps.

Most of the boys buried their heads under the bedclothes.

When they ventured to look up the figure had vanished.

"Was it a ghost?" asked Dick, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Bosh!" cried Mungal. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"Why did you bob your nut under the bedclothes, then?" asked the Diddler.

"I suppose I am at liberty to do as I like with my own head?" retorted the bully.

"Put your head in a bag if you like? Oh, certainly," said the Diddler.

"Now look here, Diddler," interposed young Pickwick, "don't let's quarrel this dreadful night."

"Right you are," said the Diddler. "Tinkle, I think you said 'bosh' as well as Mungal, but I'll shake hands with you."

"We'll consider it done," said Tinkle, with a nervous glance toward the door; "unless you like to come over to my bed."

The Diddler skipped across the room, and having shaken hands with Tinkle, was skipping back to bed again, when he ran against the chest in which the materials for the feast had just been placed, and overturned it.

"There! get a light, some of you fellows," cried the Diddler. "General smash—no mistake."

After some difficulty a light was procured.

The boys expected to see flattened pastry and broken jam-pots.

But they found nothing of the kind.

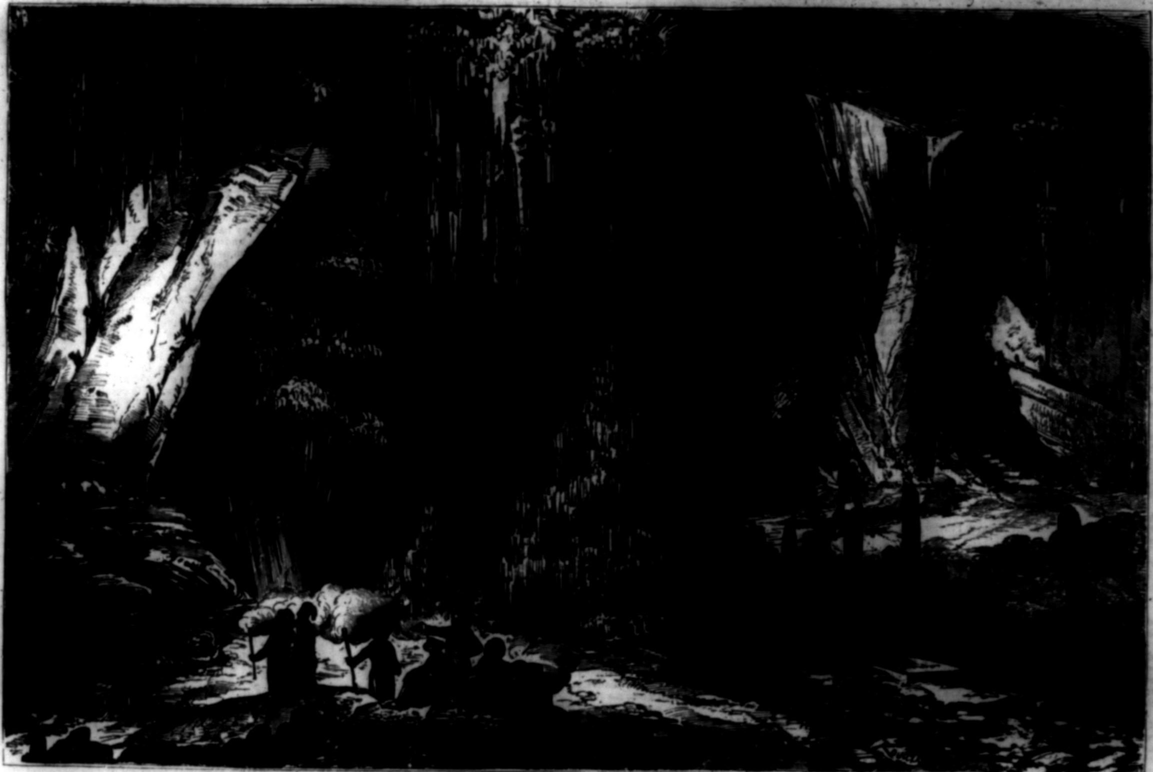
The chest was empty.

"I thought the Diddler was very considerate in suggesting that our feed should be put off," observed Tom Ely, with a sneer. "You see, boys, he's got a good appetite, and knows where to get the food from. Ha, ha!"

"What has the Diddler to do with the disappearance of the grub?" asked young Pickwick.

"Everything, in my opinion," said Tom Ely.

"I agree with Tom," chimed in Bully Mungal. "The Diddler's no fool."



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS, IN THE GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO—INTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 46.

"No; you are a couple of fools," said young Pickwick, bluntly. "Even if the Diddler had not shown such good feeling to-night, we could not suspect him. He has never been outside the room."

"I know human nature," said Tom Ely. "The Diddler has hidden the things away, and means to cram them down his throat at the first opportunity."

"Rubbish!" said young Pickwick rolling over in bed. "But we will investigate this matter to-morrow."

"So we will," Picky," said the Diddler; "and if I find out who has eaten our grub—well, I'll certainly try and punch his head."

He went to sleep, and all but the very nervous speedily followed his example.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

SWAGS was still languishing in durance vile, when young Pickwick and Dick discovered the body of poor little murdered Benny.

The news was brought to him with his supper of bread-and-water by Joey Snorter.

"Oh, do leave me a light to-night!" said the fat boy, as the dismal page was about to leave the apartment. "Oh, Snorter, don't leave a poor chap in the dark all night!"

"It would be more than my place is worth," said Joey Snorter, shaking his head. "Can't be done."

"Who would know anything about it?" said the fat boy. "I tell you I can't be left without a light. Supposing a ghost should catch hold of me in the dark? Oh, it's awful to think of."

"You ought not to be afraid of the dark if you have a good conscience, Master Swags," said Joey.

"Oh, my conscience be bothered!" cried the fat boy, angrily. "I want a candle. Do, Snorter, leave me one. I know I shan't keep alive all night without."

"We are always a-wanting something," said Joey Snorter. "This world is a miserable place, isn't it?"

"No, it's not. Give me plenty to eat and drink and I wouldn't ask for better," said the fat boy. "But do leave me a candle."

"I have got a little book for you, Master Swags," said Joey Snorter. "The opening verse is uncommon fine. I'll read it out for yer:

"'LINES TO A GLUTTON.

'Oh, little you think when you
eat too much fat
How soon you will probably
shoot the cat.'"

"Here, get out. I won't stand your cheek," said the fat boy, indignantly; "so just you cut it; but, oh, Snorter, leave me a little bit of light."

"Can't be done."

And Joey Snorter departed, leaving his little book on the table. He carelessly closed the door, and forgot to lock it. He was thinking of the murder, and hurried down-stairs to rejoin the other servants.

Swags was not nervous, as a rule.

But on this particular night his chamber seemed full of strange forms and noises.

He fancied he saw the face of the murdered boy, gleaming ghastly white in the darkness.

He undressed himself and went to bed, but he could not close his eyes.

"Oh, I can't stand this any longer!" said Swags, lumbering out of bed. "I'll go and find somebody."

He passed out of the room and walked down the long corridor, pausing outside the large dormitory.

Diddler and Pickwick within were just speaking of deferring their feast—as the reader knows—and the fat boy's mouth watered as he listened to the conversation.

"I'm very sorry for poor Benny, and Diddler's not a bad sort," thought Swags; "but I'm more sorry for myself; so here goes for the grub."

He hurried back to his own room, and dragged one of the sheets off the bed.

This he draped about his bloated body.

Thus attired, he recrossed the corridor and entered the dormitory, making straight for the well-known chest.

He secured the parcel, and immediately made for his own room.

And this was the vision which had startled young Pickwick and his chums, they thinking it was the ghost of poor Benny.

Swags was going back to his own room as fast as his stumpy legs would carry him, when he saw a faint light at the further end of the corridor.

"Somebody is coming," he thought. "Oh, Lord, what am I to do with all this grub?"

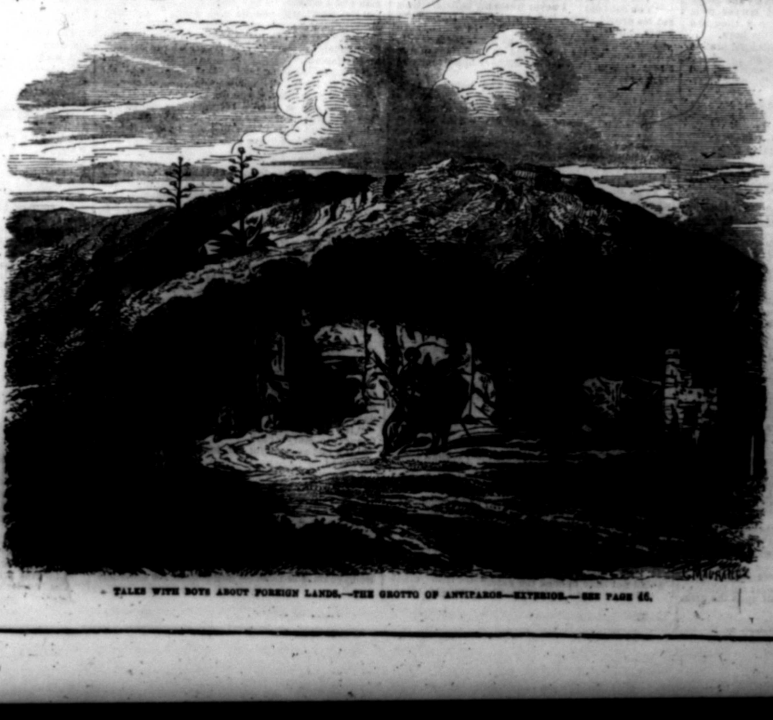
He was seized with a fit of trembling at the prospect of discovery.

A door was standing open, and it was but the work of a moment to enter the room.

He breathed more freely.

But his heart sank as he reflected that the person who bore the light might be bound for this very chamber.

"If such is the case I'll pretend I've been walking in my sleep," thought the fat boy.



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS—EXTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 46.

This was a bright idea for Swags.

But his face fell as he thought of his precious parcel.

He must dispose of it in some way for the present.

How? That was the question.

No time was to be lost.

He was walking across the room, when he stumbled over a chair, and put out his hand to save himself from falling.

Some sort of garment was hanging across the back of the chair.

Another bright idea entered the fat boy's knobby head.

He eagerly fumbled about until he discovered that the coat, or whatever it might be, had two large pockets.

Quickly breaking open the parcel, he filled these two pockets with its contents.

"Now, why should I stop here to be caught like a rat in a trap?" thought the fat boy, and he suddenly stepped behind a flowing window-curtain as the door opened, and the dismal page, Snorter, walked into the room, holding a candle aloft.

"I thought I left that there dressing-gown here," he muttered; "but it's useless to argue with old mother Hardtopp."

He tenderly lifted the garment with the large pockets, and placed it upon his arm.

"I shouldn't like to have to walk about in this," he said, aloud; "it is as heavy as lead. I'll take it to his room early."

With these words Snorter departed, unconsciously carrying the pastry and jam-pots with him in the pockets of the large dressing-gown.

The fat boy gave a sorrowful sigh, as Joey Snorter passed out of the room, taking with him all the tarts and cakes.

But his hair stood on end with horror and dismay, as he heard the key turned in the lock with a sharp click.

He was a prisoner in one of the doctor's spare rooms.

"And I may be starved before they come to my relief," thought the dejected youth. "Oh, why did Snorter take my grub away?"

He sat down on the carpet, and resting his head upon a neighboring chair, groaned and grunted himself to sleep.

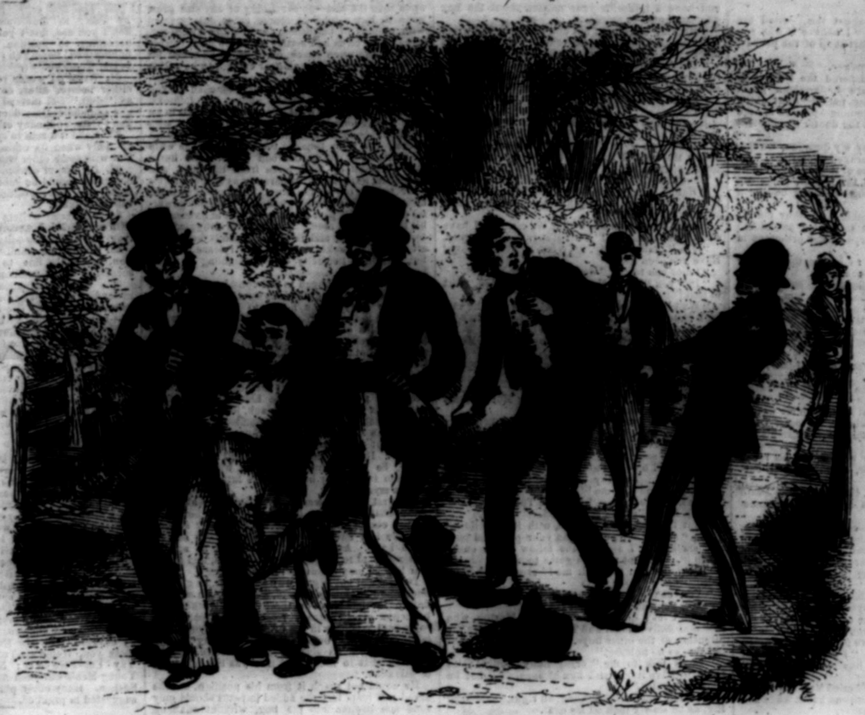
Meanwhile Joey Snorter, burdened with the doctor's dressing-gown, had fallen down a flight of stairs.

He picked himself up and went on his way bemoaning his own injuries, but utterly unconscious of the fact that young Pickwick's jam-pots were broken, and his pastry flattened to a shapeless mass in the doctor's pockets of his new dressing-gown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. HARDTOPP RELIEVES HER FEELINGS.

THE doctor was snoring melodiously in his feather-bed, dreaming that he was engaged



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"PICKWICK WAS DRAGGED ALONG BY THE DOCTOR AND MIFFINS. FITZSHAM CLUNG TO PARROT'S TAIL."—SEE PAGE 43.

in the pleasant occupation of caning a boy, when he was suddenly aroused by a tap from his chamber-door.

"Who'sthere?" he said, in a sleepy voice.

"It's me," answered the dismal page.

"What do you mean by disturbing my natural rest at this early hour?" said the doctor, looking at his watch, which he took from under his pillow. "It is not time for you to bring hot water yet."

"I know that," replied the dismal page.

"Then why, in the name of all that's disagreeable, do you come banging at my door? Get along, do, you bad boy."

"Why won't you let me speak?" said Joey Snorter, shedding tears. "I've got something to tell you, only you won't listen to me."

"I suppose you want to make some complaint against the boys, but I cannot allow it now."

"You must," said Joey Snorter.

"You won't go away?" cried the doctor.

And he jumped out of bed with more haste than dignity, and flung open the door of his sleeping apartment.

Joey Snorter, alarmed at the doctor's flushed face and angry eye, took to his heels.

But Doctor Waddle did not stick at trifles when his temper was aroused. He ran down the passage in his shirt and captured Joey.

"That is for banging at my door, sir!" he cried, giving the dismal page a heavy blow.

"Oh!" cried the weeping Snorter, "why was I ever brought into this miserable world?"

"It was a great mistake, truly. I don't know what you came into this world for, you young rascal," said the doctor.

"Just you leave go my collar," said Snorter, with a snivel. "You are a nice old party when your monkey's up."

"What?"

The doctor could not believe his ears.

Joey Snorter had never before spoken to him with disrespect.

"You dare to use such a term to me?" he cried, slapping the dismal page across the face.

"Yes, I does," retorted the dismal page. "Even a worm will turn, and as I am a boy with legs I means to use 'em to the best advantage. There, old 'un, how do you like that?"

And he kicked the doctor's lean shanks.

"Yah; you have killed me!" yelled the doctor; "and will live to be hanged."

"Halloa, what's the row?" cried the Diddler, who had been attracted by the noise. "Ha, broken shin—painful, very. A pennyworth of sticking-plaster—put you to rights. But go to bed, do you good; give boys holiday, do them good—'pon honor."

And he smiled at young Pickwick and Bob Fairfit, who were close behind.

The doctor made a rush at the Diddler.

"No you don't, not to-day, doctor," cried that cautious youth, running up another flight of stairs and looking over the banisters. "Better go to bed, sir; naughty to fight with bad leg and bad temper—very."

"Only let me get at you," cried the doctor; "I shan't be happy until I do. Come down at once, sir!"

"Thankee," said the Diddler. "Evil day—put it off. Diddler don't want anything to-day—go and thwack Mrs. Hardtopp—do her good, sir—good policy—very."

The doctor made another rush at the Diddler, but he trod on a piece of coal dropped by some careless servant, and he fell flat on the ground.

"You are all in league against me," cried the doctor, sitting on the stairs and nursing his knees.

Joey Snorter thought this a favorable opportunity for addressing the doctor.

"Sir, what I wanted to tell you was that the fat boy can't be found; perhaps he's killed," he said. "And if you had a-listened afore, I shouldn't have had a clout on the head and you wouldn't have had your shanks barked."

"What's that you say? Swags can't be found!" yelled the doctor. "Do you mean to tell me he has run away?"

"Yes, I does; he's either run away or else he's got killed," replied Snorter.

"You had charge of the key of his room, and it's all your fault," said the doctor.

"May I suggest to you, sir," said the Diddler, "you are lightly attired—only shirt on—Mrs. Hardtropp—coming up-stairs—awkward—very for you."

The doctor, with a savage glance at the Diddler, rushed into his own room, slamming the door after him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed Bob Fairfit; "the doctor is getting quite funny lately. Only think of him dancing about early in the morning with only his shirt on. Ha, ha!"

"I say, boys, where can Swags have got to?" said young Pickwick, anxiously; "I hope he is all right."

"Of course he is," returned the Diddler; "he isn't far off, I bet—Swags is not the chap to run away—too heavy—sure to fall asleep and be brought back by somebody."

Young Pickwick and his chums finished dressing, and descended to the breakfast-room, where he found the rest of the boys assembled.

The murder of Benny Leadbitter, and the mysterious disappearance of Swags, formed the sole topics of conversation.

"Poor Swags," said Dick Sancliff; "I hope he hasn't been murdered, too."

"Bah!" said Bully Mungal; "I suppose you think somebody wants to melt him down for tallow. I wonder how many pounds of candles he'd make."

"I wasn't addressing my conversation to you," retorted Dick, rather warmly.

"No, nor I to you; but if you want another turn let me know; I'm ready for you any time."

"Look here, Bully. Understand that I don't seek fight with you, but if you force it on me, well, then look out for yourself."

"Hush!" said young Pickwick; "here's the doctor."

Doctor Waddle was wearing the dressing-gown with the large pockets, and walked down the long room with great majesty.

He did not feel the weight of the pastry and broken jam-pots.

His mind was too much preoccupied.

"Boys," he began, when he reached his seat, "I have something to say to you."

Here the doctor took out a red silk pocket-handkerchief and wiped his face.

As he did so a suppressed titter ran through the room.

"Boys, what are you laughing at? Really this is most disgraceful conduct," cried the doctor, whose nose was covered with raspberry jam.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bob Fairfit, suddenly exploding. "Oh, what a nice, sweet nose!"

"What am I to do with these awful boys?" cried the doctor, smearing the jam over his face with the red silk handkerchief.

"I see what it is," whispered young Pickwick to Dick; "somebody has been putting jam in the doctor's pocket for a lark."

"And you may be sure it is our jam," said Dick. "Well, I'll forgive the fellow, who ever he is; he must be full of cheek. Oh, what a pretty face the doctor's making!"

"Robert Fairfit!" cried the doctor, beckoning that youth to approach.

"Yes, sir," said Bob, trying to stifle his laughter.

"Look me in the face, and answer me truthfully," cried the doctor.

Bob tried to obey the doctor with becoming gravity.

But the moment his eyes rested upon the doctor's face, which was now covered with jam, he burst into a perfect roar of laughter.

"Is there anything so ridiculous about my new gown?" said the doctor, who thought the boys were laughing at his robe.

The boys were too far gone to answer this question.

They were choking with laughter.

The doctor was beside himself with rage.

The few suitable words he had intended to address to his pupils were forgotten.

Being without a cane, he used his hands right and left.

"That's for making a laughing fool of yourself," he cried, striking Bob Fairfit. "Now, Diddler, step this way," said Mr. Waddle; "I will punish you for laughing at my new dressing-gown."

"Lovely dressing-gown—should like one myself, sir—suits your complexion charming, ha, ha, 'pon honor."

And with these words he dodged round the doctor.

The doctor did not approve of this, and in turning struck his head against something.

He felt his nose.

"Why, what is this?" he cried, as he withdrew his hand.

It was covered with raspberry jam.

"Blood," he said. "Diddler, you have struck me on my nose."

"Think I have—now you mention it—your skin is soft."

"I shall be the death of this boy some day," cried the doctor.

"Not a doubt of it—bury me comfortable—give me time—make my will—and so on."

The doctor made use of a very strong expression, and tried to catch the Diddler, who ran round the room, and cleverly managed to keep beyond his reach for a time.

But the doctor watched his opportunity and managed to get the Diddler in a corner.

"Now I have got you," he exclaimed, aiming a blow at the Diddler.

"Call again—next time—master's going out—very sorry," said the Diddler, ducking, and running away under his arm.

The doctor's fist, instead of coming in contact with his pupil's head, dashed against a large tea urn, which was standing on a sideboard, and overturned it.

"You wicked, bad boy," cried the doctor; "behold your work!"

"Who—I?" cried the Diddler. "Don't lay it on me—come now—too bad—really."

"If you had kept your head where it was, as any obedient boy would have done, I should not have hurt my hand or ruined my carpet."

And the doctor looked at his bruised knuckles.

"Well, that's a good un," cried the Diddler. "I stand still—you hit me—pleasant, very, for you—thankee much—I decline—not to-day, wouldn't do. Excuse my bad taste—prefer things as they are—'pon honor."

At this moment a loud shriek was heard.

It came from the upper part of the house.

"What on earth is the matter now?" cried the doctor.

"The best suggestion is come and see," said the Diddler; "I'm off—follow your leader. Up, boys, and away. Hurrah!"

And the Diddler rushed up-stairs, with the doctor and the boys at his heels.

The scream had come from the lungs of the fair Hardtopp. Having occasion to enter the room in which the fat boy was a prisoner, she had caught sight of his big toe peeping from under the flowing window-curtain."

To utter a loud scream and fling herself upon him was the work of a moment.

"Oh, you horrid boy! Get out, get out!" she cried.

"I shan't get out, and I am not a horrid boy; you get out," said the bloated youth, drawing the sheet over his shoulders.

"Halloa!" cried the doctor, entering the room, while his pupils stood on the threshold; "what's all this noise about?"

"I've found the fat boy," said Mrs. Hardtopp, with her eyes fixed upon the form of the bloated youth.

"You young wretch," cried the doctor, turning upon Swags; "how dare you give me such a fright? Why did you hide yourself here?"

"I didn't stop here of my own accord," said the fat boy, sulkily; "I was locked in."

"Don't tell me," said the doctor, adding, angrily, "Mrs. Hardtopp, why do you stare like that? Is there anything so very peculiar about my personal appearance?"

"Oh, Lor', your face, sir. Them boys have been up to some of their larks," cried Mrs. Hardtopp, and she led the doctor to a mirror. "Now look at your face."

"Horrible! Who has done this?" cried the indignant schoolmaster, plunging his hands in the pockets of his new gown, and quickly withdrawing them, covered with jam and pastry.

"Which it is a shame," said Mrs. Hardtopp, indignantly.

"Oh, I'll have all punished for this trick. Where's Joey Snorter?" roared the doctor.

"I'll fetch him—half a jiffy—he's a naughty boy, serve him out," said the Diddler.

He ran down-stairs.

"Here, Joey," he cried, "Waddle wants you—got something nice for you—sharp's the word—you'll catch it, no mistake."

"What have I been a-doing of now?" exclaimed the dismal page, taking out his little pocket-handkerchief.

"You stole our pastry—don't deny it—put it in the doctor's pockets—regular mess on his noble nose—'pon honor."

"I don't know what you are jawing about."

"No—not you—but don't overdo it—keep quiet—don't excite yourself—make it strong—and so on."

And the Diddler dragged Joey Snorter into the doctor's presence.

"You brought my dressing-gown to me. Now, sir, what's this?" cried the doctor, turning out his pockets and placing them on the table.

"Them's tarts, sir," said Snorter.

"Don't answer me in that pert manner," cried the doctor. "How dare you presume to play off your low tricks upon me, and put nasty jam tarts in my new dressing-gown pockets?"

"I never see that jam and broken pastry afore," cried Snorter. "I wish I had; I would have put it in my mouth, instead of your pocket."

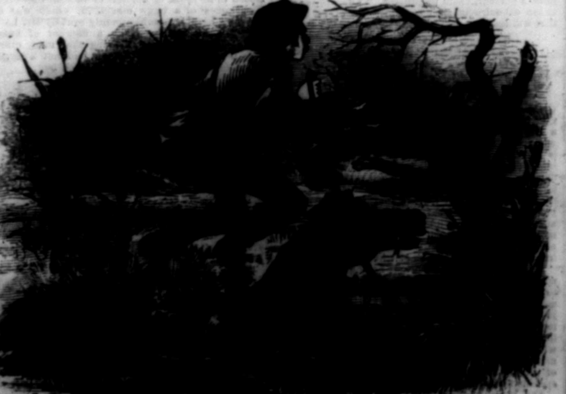
"That's right," cried the Diddler, slapping him on the back; "stick to your story, old Snorter."

"Diddler, be pleased to hold your tongue," said the doctor, sternly.

"Oh, anything for a quiet life," said the Diddler. "Go on, Snorter—don't mind me. Gee up, as the man said to his moke."

"Shut up, Diddler. Well, sir, I took that dressing-gown out of this very room last night," said the dismal page, rubbing his eyelids with his little pocket-handkerchief. "It was a-hanging over the back of a chair."

"And you brought it straight to my room?" said the doctor.



A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF MR. LAFFON, OF ST. LOUIS, IN A TERRIBLE QUAGMIRE, NEAR CAIRO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 46.

Joey Snorter nodded.

"You know something about this," cried the doctor, turning to Swags. "I believe it was you who presumed to make a tart-shop of the pockets of my new dressing gown.

The fat boy returned no answer.

"I see it all now," whispered the Diddler to young Pickwick. "We are fools—sham ghost crossed the room—took our parcel—went along corridor—heard some one coming—popped in here—turned out the things into the doctor's pockets—and so on."

"Are you going to answer my question, Swags, or are you not?" said the enraged doctor.

Not a word passed the lips of the fat boy.

"Bring him here!" cried the doctor, going out on the landing and throwing open the door of a large cupboard.

"Not much of a punishment," thought the fat boy, as he allowed himself to be led out of the room. "Mrs. Hardtopp keeps all her preserves in there."

The doctor gave a smile as he saw the fat boy smack his lips and step into the closet.

"There, sir, you'll stop inside for some time," and the doctor closed the door upon him, leaving the key in the lock.

"What a lark!" thought the fat boy, looking up at the shelves, which were loaded with jam-pots.

He amused himself at first by reading the labels on the jars.

Plumb, raspberry, cherry and currant-jam; how nice, he thought.

But when he began to take them off the shelves he found that they were empty.

"This is a beastly practical joke, upon my word," said the fat boy, moved almost to tears. "I'll make the doctor sorry for this, or my name's not Swags."

And he took down all the pots within his reach and dashed them on the floor, which was soon covered with the fragments.

"Deary me!" cried Mrs. Hardtopp, who heard the noise; "there's been a regular smash somewhere."

And she hurried up the stairs.

She opened the door of the closet, and caught Swags in the act of demolishing a whole row of the empty jam-pots, one after the other, in a furious passion at finding nothing to tickle his appetite in any of the jars.

"What do you mean by this?" cried Mrs. Hardtopp, clutching at the fat boy's hair and dragging him out of his prison. "Come out, you awful boy."

"I am not an awful boy; you're an awful woman, and the doctor should not have played upon my feelings," returned the fat boy. "I ain't going to put up with empty jam-pots. I like 'em full, so that I can eat all the contents up."

"Oh, you young monster!" cried Mrs. Hardtopp, slapping the fat boy's face with one hand, while she pulled out his hair with the other.

"Oh, oh, oh! you spiteful old cat. Leave off, can't you?" he said, angrily; "I'm the most ill-used boy in the school."

"Oh, are you?" cried Mrs. Hardtopp, giving him another slap. "If you belonged to me I'd soon show you what's the time of day."

"I thought you were like a clock," said the fat boy, with something that sounded like a chuckle.

"Why, stupid head?" cried Mrs. Hardtopp.

"Because you have got a big head, and are always striking," said the fat boy.

"I won't be insulted by you," cried Mrs. Hardtopp, ramming the fat boy's head against the wall. "Take that!"

"Help!" he cried. "Somebody come and take away this old woman!"

"Hollos, Swags! What, making love to Mrs. Hardtopp—oh, you naughty fat boy! But what's it all about?" said the Diddler, appearing upon the scene.

"Here, take him away," cried Mrs. Hardtopp, faintly; "I've done with him."

"And nearly done for him, too," said the Diddler, in an undertone, as he led the fat boy back to his own room. "Glad I'm in her good books—when put out—spiteful—very."

"I'll run away," cried the fat boy, sitting down on the side of his bed, and looking sulkily at the carpet, "you see if I don't. The doctor don't give me enough to eat, and old Mother Hardtopp gives me more than I can swallow."

"I've read somewhere that it is better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of," said the Diddler, thoughtfully. "Good advice—very."

"I don't care about advice," said Swags; "it is too cheap. I want something to eat. I tell you I am going to run away just as soon as I get the chance."

With these words the fat boy rolled into bed and fell asleep.

The Diddler hurried down-stairs.

He wanted his dinner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DIDDLER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

BULLY MUNGAL walked along the green lanes, with a sullen frown upon his evil face.

He was thinking of his attempt to destroy Dick's life, and how he and his accomplice had been foiled.

"I'll make sure of him next time," he said, aloud, slashing the bushes with a stick he carried.

"Take care, or you may fall into your own trap!" cried a familiar voice.

Bully Mungal looked down and saw Waspy Will, who was lazily reclining on the grass.

"Oh, it is you," he said, trying to hide his annoyance.

"Yes, it is," returned Waspy Will. "Who are you going to make sure of, my young friend! Not me, I hope."

"What brought you here?" said Bully Mungal, ignoring Waspy Will's question.

"Can't you guess?" returned the man.

"No, I can't," snarled Bully Mungal.

"I came here after money!"

"Well, it won't come to you while you lie on your back under a hedge," said Bully Mungal, with a forced laugh.

"I don't know so much about that. I want money from you; so hand over."

"You can't have it. I'm broke."

"Come, now, no nonsense. Fork out!"

"I wouldn't if I had the money."

"You'll bring me some this very night, or it will be the worse for you."

"What will you do if I can't manage it?" said Bully Mungal, defiantly.

"Don't try to come them games over me!" thundered Waspy Will. "I saw you and some one I didn't recognize chuck a schoolfellow over the bridge; and if you don't fork out some tin by six o'clock this evening, I shall go up to the house and have a talk with your master about the boy you attempted to murder."

"Murder! nonsense; but don't be so huffy," cried Bully Mungal, lowering his tone. "Of course, I'll meet you here at six, and do all I can do for you."

"That's something like sense," said Waspy Will. "I hope you will keep your word, for your own sake."

"I shall be up to time," said Bully Mungal, turning away.

He retraced his steps, and in an ill temper entered the playground.

All the boys were playing, with the exception of Mossy Morton and Tom Ely, who were sitting on a bench conversing.

Mungal went up to them.

"Halloa, Mungal, you don't look pleased!" said Mossy; "I hope nothing has happened to ruffle your sweet temper."

"Look here; you know that Waspy Will I have so often spoken about?" Bully Mungal said, abruptly.

"Yes," said Mossy. "What of the beauty? Have you seen him?"

"I met him to-day," continued Bully Mungal.

"Did you?" said Mossy Morton. "Well, what of that?"

"Well," returned Bully Mungal, "he says he saw Dick chucked into the water, and threatens to split if he doesn't have some money to-night."

"Did he see who struck the blow?" asked Mossy Morton, turning pale.

"He saw it done, but did not recognize the person who did it."

Mossy Morton breathed again.

He was safe, at all events, and Bully Mungal must look out for himself.

"Have you got any money, Mossy?" asked Bully Mungal.

"No, I haven't," retorted Mossy Morton; "but I shall have some in a few days, I dare say."

"That will be of no use," said Bully Mungal; "I want it now. Tom Ely, you have money, I know. Won't you lend it to me?"

"Yes, I have money," assented Tom Ely.

Bully Mungal's eyes brightened.

"But I don't mean to part with it," continued Tom; "so you can put that in your pipe, old boy, and smoke it. I am not the fellow to be easily taken in. I've got my own game to play."

"Do you mean to insult me?" cried Bully Mungal.

"You can take it as you like," retorted Tom. "Please yourself and you please me."

"Don't let's quarrel," said Mossy Morton, who saw that Bully Mungal and Tom were attracting the attention of the other boys. "We three must not fall out, so no fighting."

"Don't talk to me," cried Bully Mungal; "I mean to have it out with him at once. I'll not be cheated by him."

"Well, if you intend fighting, all right," said Tom Ely, as he slowly took off his coat.

He seemed rather sorry that matters had come to such a pass, for he did not like fighting with Mungal.

"Forward, boys! a fight, a fight!" bawled young Pickwick, and all the boys crowded round.

"Don't interfere," said Dick, running up to Mossy, who was trying to keep the two boys apart.

At this moment the dismal page came out in the playground and rang the bell for afternoon school.

"Bother that bell," cried young Pickwick; "I thought there would be some fun. I like to see rogues fall out and punch each other."

"So say I. Oh, dear boys, we must arrange that they punch each other well, for they are of the sort that a little punching will do good," returned the Diddler; "but in we must go now."

Mossy Morton assisted Bully Mungal to put on his coat, and the boys trooped into the schoolroom.

"I should like to be a bird—sit on a tree—sing all day long to the doctor—pleasant—very," said the Diddler, as he took his seat.

"Silence!" cried the doctor.

Young Pickwick was seated on the same bench as Tom Ely, and he saw something drop from that young gentleman's pocket.

"See what you have done," said he, in a stage whisper.

It evidently reached Tom's ears.

He was about to answer, when Mossy Morton checked him.

"Don't take any notice of that Pickwick fellow," said Mossy. "I'll bet what you like that he only wants to make you talk to get you into a row with the doctor."

"I won't take any notice of him, then," said Tom Ely.

"That's the way to treat him," observed Mossy.

And the two friends then went on with their lessons.

But the good-natured Pickwick still tried to attract Tom's attention.

Unfortunately, the doctor saw his gestures, and asked what he was doing?

"I was not doing anything," returned young Pickwick.

"Ah, I thought so, and now I find that my surmise is correct," said the doctor. "You will remain in the schoolroom an hour after the other boys; that will teach you to do something another time."

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 662.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

SOME few evenings since a St. Louis reporter made the acquaintance, at the Lindell Hotel, of a Mr. James Laflon, an old resident of that city who related to him a curious incident. Mr. Laflon is a man about thirty-five years of age, of a fine, imposing appearance, and having a physique indicating frequent and continued exercise. Mr. Laflon, without being a "mighty hunter," is, nevertheless, very fond of making journeys upon horseback throughout the surrounding country of Illinois and Missouri, and, with his gun by his side, passes many hours in picking off the smaller game, in which pursuit he very frequently wanders quite a distance from the regular highways of travel.

He says that in the Spring, having occasion to make a visit to Cairo upon business, he determined to proceed thither in his favorite manner, and, mounting a good, strong horse, he started upon his journey through the bottom-lands of Illinois. Nothing of consequence happened until within about forty miles of Cairo; there, in a swamp overgrown with jungles and blackberries, and shrubbery common to such spots, he espied a flock of birds, a few of which he determined to carry into Cairo as specimens of his skill in shooting.

The birds, however, were shy, and the anxious sportsman persevering in the ardor of the pursuit, he penetrated further and further into the swamp. Presently he came upon a spot very much more open than the rest—no shrubbery of any size grew upon it, but a kind of coarse grass, interspersed with clumps of bulrushes, covered the entire surface. The birds had settled upon the most remote point of the open space, on to which he urged his horse so as to approach near enough to be within good range.

No sooner had the horse's feet touched the sod than he sank immediately above his fetlocks. Floundering out of what his rider supposed to be only a mud-hole, the animal leaped forward with considerable force, and this time sank almost to his knees. His rider touched the beast with the whip to hurry him out of the bad place. The horse raised himself by main force from the mire, and leaped forward again, apparently as anxious as his rider to get out of the bog. This time, however, he sank almost up to his girth, and the most powerful efforts on his part could not result in extricating his feet from the mud. The more he struggled, the further he sank, and in a few seconds he ceased altogether to make any effort to release himself, but remained perfectly quiet, trembling in every joint.

Mr. Laflon now began to feel considerable alarm; he was obliged to extend his own legs out parallel with the body of the horse, to keep them from sinking in the bog. His mind instantly reverted to all the tales of quagmires and quicksands that he had ever read, and he began to suspect he had struck something of the kind himself. The situation was looking gloomy; he must do something, so he spoke to his horse again to induce him to make one more effort; but the poor beast was beyond the power of helping himself. Already a part of his body was in the black, jelly-like mass of mud, which everywhere surrounded them. And Mr. Laflon discovered, to his horror, that he was slowly but surely getting nearer in a level with the ground. He felt certain now that unless help came, he must surely disappear with his poor horse in this lonely bog, and his fate for ever remain a mystery.

His first impulse was to shout for help—although the probabilities were that no one would hear him, as the country around was very sparsely settled, and the last habitation he had passed was several miles back. As he feared, therefore, no answer was returned to his repeated halloings, and a cold fear for one moment overcame him.

Determined not to give way to despair, he glanced once more anxiously around, and this time noticed, not more than two or three yards distant, the branches of a tolerably large tree, which, with roots still partially in the firm ground beyond, had fallen across the bog. Its widespreading boughs had prevented its sinking into the mire, and he now felt that to reach that tree was the only hope of salvation.

He could not reach it from his position, and he dared not leap, lest the added impetus should only send him deeper into the bog, without enabling him to get hold of the branches. An idea seized him. He took the bridle from the horse and a hitching-strap which he carried with him, bound them tightly together with some twine he found in his pocket, and forming a sort of noose, threw his impromptu lasso toward a stout dead branch which projected from the fallen tree. His first trial failed, also the second and the third, but the fourth succeeded, and he had only to make the attempt to draw himself to the tree. He was now standing upon the back of his doomed horse, which had sunk several inches further, and with head raised, was looking with terror-stricken eyes back toward his master, every once in a while uttering pitiful cries.

With a few last tender pats Mr. Laflon said farewell to his poor horse, and leapt from his back as far out as possible. He sank several feet, but, keeping firm hold of the line, he began to draw himself out hand over hand, and after hard struggling finally succeeded in reaching the tree, into which he quickly drew himself and crept carefully across its trunk to *terra firma*, thankful for his miraculous escape from a horrible death. His first thought now was to go for help and try to rescue his horse. For this purpose he started off, on foot, of course, for the nearest cabin. After a walk of several miles he encountered a couple of farmers, who were astonished to learn of the existence of such a spot in their neighborhood, and, quickly procuring other aid and providing themselves with ropes, they accompanied Mr. Laflon back to the bog.

Several hours had elapsed before he reached the treacherous spot again, and not a sign of his unfortunate horse remained. The poor beast had totally disappeared in the black ooze, and only the lack of scant verdure on that particular spot marked the place where he had met with a living death. Mr. Laflon was obliged to procure another horse and continue his journey, but upon his return a few weeks later he made further inquiries, and found that the bog was of considerable dimensions, measuring about 320 feet in length by 200 in breadth. Its depth, so far as they could ascertain, was 120 feet, and they had dragged from its semiliquid depths the bones of numerous animals, cows, horses and deer, besides some of immense size, supposed to be those of animals of antediluvian origin. The bones of a huge mastodon, which was discovered here, was subsequently sent by Mr. Laflon to Professor Marsh. Quite a number of human bones were also found, proving that many others, less fortunate than Mr. Laflon, had met a terrible death in this remote and unsuspected bog.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

NEW RULES, OR SUGGESTIONS.

(Continued from page 30.)

24. Write *else* always downward, and *less* upward, for distinction, and according to Rule 3, as, any-body-else, nothing-less.

25. If desired, short *forms* as well as double-lengths of Lay may determine a vowel before it or not, by its inclination to perpendicularity, as in alone, alien, Len nearly verticle; lone, lane, learn, Len usual incline.

26. "Never have" may be written with Nef ^{1}—*i.e.*, En and Vee hook.

27. "Being," if written alone, should be Bee-Ing; but in phrases simply Bee—as "for the time being," Ef-Tee-Bee.

28. Write *half-lengths* to express *ality*, *idity*, *bility*, *ility*, *inity*—as Frugality, Fer-Gelt; principality, Per-Pelt; timidity, Tee-Med; fluidity, Fel-Det; stability, Stee-Belt; possibility, Pees-Blet; facility, Efs-Elt; futility, Fet-Elt; vicinity, Vees-Net. But after N hook, write Bee, or omit the hook, as in trainable.

29. A new contraction for *had been*, Den $_{1}$, in analogy with *have been*, and a saving, as in had-been-done, Den ^{1}-Den.

30. *You* and *year-s* may be added to an N hook by Yeh; as didn't-you, don't-you, hadn't-you, don't you see, don't you think so, Dent-Yeh, etc., according to position. Around-you, Arnt-Yeh; behind you, Bend-Yeh; upon you, Pen-Yeh; ten-years, Ten-Yeh.

31. Write *all* words requiring the L or R hook either before, after, or *between*, with the hooks, as "dull," Del instead of Dee-Lay; dolt, Delt; idle and addle, Del; door, Der, like "out of doors," Tee ^{1}-Ders, and many others.

32. Make it a rule to omit k in the initial syllable *ex*—only when its omission does not make it conflict with some other word.

33. *De*, *dis*, or *discom-con-cog*, expressed by Dee disjoined, should be subordinated to the rest of the word, the latter positioned according to the accented syllable.

34. Advanced writers may use Zet for *was it*, with much saving, according to Rule 1, as in "how-long-was-it?" Retty ^{1}-Ing-Zet.

35. Confine all slanting half-lengths, third position, below the line, to avoid liability of reading second or fourth position.

36. Write termination *ish* after Lay, with Ish, instead of Shay, as in abolish, abolishable, abolisher, polish, etc., Bee-Lay-Ish, Bee-Lay-Ish-Bee, Bee-Lay-Sher, Pee-Lay-Ish, etc.

The above are not necessarily to be memorized, but applied in practice by reference as often as occasion or study will allow. We shall be thankful for any suggestions for improvement from any competent source, or any criticisms without a remedy. Some, of course, are more suggestive than others; these the advanced writer will recognize, and put upon trial. We invite attention especially to 1, 2, 3, 5, 11, 12, 13, 14, 28, 29, 30, 31, 34, 36.

PHRASES AND BRIEF FORMS.

As a general thing, I[illegible]etty-Jen-Ing; give it your attention, Get ^{1}-Yay-[illegible]shon; once in a while, Wens ^{2}-Nel; upon the most favorable terms, Pee ^{2}-Ems-Ver-Ters; bear me out, Bee ^{2}-Ar-Met; office-holders, Efs ^{1}-Elders; universal amnesty, Vers ^{1}-Em-Ens-Tee; by return mail, Bee ^{1}-Raytern-Em; for the last few weeks, Fels ^{1}-Ef-Kays; get some out, Gets ^{2}-Met; hadn't you better, Dent ^{1}-Yeh-Bet-Ray; not that I know of, Net ^{1}-Thet-Nef; lien on the property, Len $_{1}$-Retty-Per-Pee; nothing of the sort, En-Iths ^{2}-Ret; none of our business, Nen ^{2}-Ray-Bees; preamble and resolutions, Per ^{2}-Em-Lay-shons; so to speak, Es ^{2}-Spee; as far as we are concerned, Iss-Efs ^{2}-Wers-Rent; tit for tat, Tet^{1}Tet (close together); we take him to be, Weh-Tee $_{1}$-Emb; to and fro, "two-Fer"; we send you by express, Weh ^{1}-Iss-End-Yeh-Bees-Pers; we inclose you, Wen-Kels-Yeh; your interesting favor, Yay-Ent-Stee-Ver; North River, Nerf ^{1}-Ray; Young Men's Christian Association, Ings ^{2}-Ken-Ess-Seshon. Many other phrase abbreviations will be suggested in practice.

CONCLUSION.—Having finished this introductory course of lessons in the Graham, or Standard System of Phonography, the pupil is advised, in order to become proficient in the art, to study Graham's "Hand-Book." It is a thorough and complete manual of the system in both its elementary and advanced, or reporting principles, with clear and progressive text, questions for self-examination, and ample and beautifully-engraved exercises. Price, $2; postpaid, $2.20. Address the publisher, Andrew J. Graham, 71 Bible House, New York.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

FEW caves have been longer or more justly famous than the grotto in the Island of Antiparos, one of the Cyclades, an island so insignificant in itself that its very name makes it a mere appendage to the neighboring island of Paros.

An old tradition affirms that some conspirators, who failed in an attempt on the life of Alexander the Great, took refuge in this grotto, and a tablet still exists with traces of an inscription, said to have been the names of these men.

In modern times we find the island long ruled by Venice, from whom it was wrested by the Turks in 1714, but when the new kingdom of Greece arose Antiparos became its great natural curiosity.

A curious stalagmite, not far from the entrance, and which, in form, somewhat resembles a colossal human figure, long prevented the superstitious from entering or exploring.

This entrance is on the side of a hill, a sort of natural pillar dividing it, and similar pilasters making a sort of rude colonnade, all crowned with creeping plants.

As the cave yawns below you the pillar forms the support for a rope to enable you to descend. You thus reach a platform with a deep chasm on either side. Mounting an almost perpendicular rock on the right, the traveler begins a longer and much more perilous descent, practicable only by a rope-ladder, and bringing the lover of the picturesque to a mossy rock, whose treacherous surface slopes to caverns deep.

A long, low, narrow, winding passage to the left leads to the main chamber of the grotto.

Monsieur Olier de Nointel, French Ambassador to Turkey, visited it during the Christmas holidays in 1673, and one of his party thus describes the scene:

"Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the sides were regularly formed with spars, and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble, and in several places magnificent columns, thrones, altars and other objects appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness, and upon the firing of a gun the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar, from which, taking the hint, we caused Mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar appeared like candlesticks, and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this rite."

To give brilliancy to the scene, five hundred tapers and lamps were lighted up.

The altar will be noticed in the centre of our illustration, and like all the concretions that adorn this wonderful cave, is of inimitable beauty in form and in purity of its snowy material.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 665.

1. Avast, Vesta, Aster, Steer, Tarry. 2. Grass, Rasp-o, Aster, Spear, Sorry—A, Asp, Aster, Pee, R. 3. Russians, Nihilism—RuN, UrI, StitcH, SinaI, IlL, AlI, NewS, SteaM. 4. P, Cot, Canoe, Poniard, Toad-a, Era, D. 5. Morn, Lorn, Corn, Horn, Worn. 6. Leg, Thigh, Hand, Eyes, Nose, Ear, Arms. 7. Lady-bird. 8. The vowels. 9. Fun-era-L. 10. Water.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 665.

1.—James Cusack, 21 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.

2.—W. J. Shaw, Hunter's Point, L. I.

3.—L. B. Garside, Main Street, Paterson, N. J.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

I'M a very queer word of syllables three,
Which you'll prove to be whole
When once you've read me.
My first is an adult,
As you can't help but see,
And my next is an era,
Which with first does agree;
And skillful and strong
Is the last of the three.

2.—CHARADE.

My first is an addition,
My second commonplace,
My whole can only be applied
To some uncommon case.

3.—CHARADE.

Except when I my horse bestride,
O'er hedge and ditch to take a burst,
There's no more pleasant way to ride
Than when I sit upon my first.
A dog, a bird, you often see
My second, and when 'tis complete,
I care not wheresoe'er I be,
I trample it beneath my feet.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

A Scripture name; another name used by St Paul; a fish; woody; first name of a violinist and devoured; two boys' nicknames.

5.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals and finals together name,
A novel of Dickens, you know the same.

My first is a religious sect of Germany and England; my second is one of the Territories; my third is an Asiatic race; my fourth is a family of English sovereigns; my fifth is men of learning; my sixth is a small insect.

6.—SQUARE WORDS.

An astronomical term; an American bird; a crown; a chemical substance; a drink and a recluse; a kind of mortar.

7.—ENIGMA.

I know of an article sombre-hued;
'Tis not worn as clothing or used as food;
A comforter truly, though not of wool;
'Tis used by the wise as well as the fool.

It is black, and it shines; 'tis as old as old,
With delicate markings; 'tis warm or cold;
It has lived (or died) for thousands of years,
And cost many people not a few tears.

It is knocked about at ev'ry one's pleasure,
And yet 'tis declared a perfect treasure.
It is found in the palace, cottage, hall;
Its size is huge, bulky, knobby and small.

8.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a body of water; saponaceous; atmospheric condition; a small insect; an expression of consent; a consonant.

9.—CENTRAL DELETIONS.

Delete a crown and music then 'twill give;
Delete a rich liquid and you'll get to stuff;
Delete what's wide and only nail will live.

10.—PALINDROME.

A carriage is this, or a small boat, I wis,
So try now the word to find out;
Then reverse, and I'll be just the same, you will see—
Of this there can't be the least doubt.
Just make up your mind the answer to find—
'Twill be easy, my friend, if you try;
But, I pray, no mistake in the word you now make,
For that would not do, by-the-by.
I have said quite enough—you'd be tired of such stuff,
If I longer you here did detain;
So I'll bid you adieu, and assure all of you
That before long I'll call here again.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

DEAR little things—Early asparagus.

YOUNG MOTHER: "What do children say when they get candy?" *Infant Recipient of Confections:* "More."

A SCOTCH minister in one of his parochial visits met a cowboy and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve," was the reply. "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

IT is related of the Czar of Russia that one day he found an aide-de-camp who had fallen asleep in an ante-chamber. On the table at which he had been sitting was a schedule of his debts, which the young officer had drawn up by way of aiding his memory. "Who on earth is to pay these?" he had written in a despairing way at the foot of the paper. The Emperor took up a pen and lightly wrote the answer, "I, Alexander." By-and-by the officer was sent for, good-humoredly admonished not to sleep on duty, and given the exact amount required to pay his obligations.

A SIGN-PAINTER'S INVENTION.

A WOMAN who opened a small millinery store in the western part of the city engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home the other day she saw that it read: "Mrss. J. Blank," etc., and she called out:

"You have got an extra 's' in Mrs., and you must paint the sign over again."

The painter saw the error, but he did not want the job of correcting it, and he replied:

"Madam, haven't you had two husbands?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?"

"I was."

"And do you think a woman can go on marrying for ever and not lengthen out her title? Mrs. means a married woman or a widow. Mrss. mean a woman who has been married twice and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old coon was in our shop and said if he had any idea that you were heart-free he'd come up——"

"Oh, well, you can nail up the sign," she interrupted.

And it is there to-day.

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL—"The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond earrings, 'cause papa's hid them." *Visitor*—"Where has he hid them?" *B. L. G.*—"Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."

ONE hot Saturday night, when a transpontine melodrama was being performed at the Victoria Theatre, and "Bravo, Hicks!" was drowning even the tremendous voice of the actor applauded, the stage-carpentry got out of gear. One of the "flats" refused to slip along to the other "flat" going to meet it, the "borders" set up an ominous flapping, and "there was a great gap in" Sir Francis Varney's palatial wall, through which could be seen all sorts of incongruities. The patience of the gallery was exemplary, till a girl there threw an orange at Mr. Hicks's head, and shouted in tones at once critical and reproachful, "We don't expec' no grammar, Hicks, but you might make your flats jine." The subtlety of the remark as a piece of criticism lies, of course, in recognizing that, in all art where illusion is aimed at, as in drama and narrative, the "jining of the flats" is more important even than grammar.

SONG OF THE HOTEL WAITER.

(About five o'clock in the morning.)

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a hand for any plate,
Still the kitchen cooks pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

"HOW EVEN that lawn looks, my dear," said she to her husband, as they were taking a suburban stroll. "Even," he exclaimed, "I'm disposed to think it's sod!"

A HEAD-MASTER having detected Master Dawkins making one of his admirable paper-butterflies in school-hours, complimented him highly on the performance, and at once ordered five hundred to be made out of school-hours, and now Master Dawkins, having filled the order, has lost his taste for the manufacture.

AUNT—"What is it you keep on saying, Maud? Tell me, what is it?" *Maud*—"Oh, I'm saying over some of the capes. Don't you know them, aunt? Naughty girl, finished her, you shan't have her. That's how we are taught to learn them." Maud meant Ortegal, Finisterre, Ushant, Havre.

"WHO was the first czar?" asked the teacher. "Julius C. Zar!" shouted the boy addressed.

THE way the earth "laughs with a harvest"—Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

A MAN who made a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the country, and business being a little dull, he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person, he stated his occupation, and asked her if she would like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him!" she said, woefully; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had had one less he would have been alive to-day." "What ailed him, madam?" "He was hung."

AN amusing interruption from one of the youthful gods in the gallery of the Brighton Theatre occurred a short time since. The performance was "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and it had reached the scene where *Meadows* endeavors to screen himself from the charge of robbing *George Fielding*. His efforts were futile, for the juvenile before-mentioned, fearful that villainy would be triumphant, exclaimed, at the top of his voice: "Yah, go along, *I seed him!*" The effect of this interposition of the little cherub that was sitting up aloft watching o'er the life of *George Fielding* may be imagined.

YE watermelon has got up
From quiet Winter slumber,
And enters on the stage of life
Successor to cucumber.
He is a green and seedy cove,
Well red on close inspection;
And always leaves his loving friends
With painful recollection.

A woman dropped a coin upon
The missionary plate;
Another broke her husband's jaw
For staying out too late.
The former deed will sure be blest—
It was the widow's mite;
The latter, too, as may be guessed,
Was just a woman's smite.

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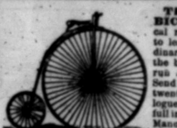

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SUMMER RAMBLES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

From an intercepted Letter by a Boston Schoolgirl.

WHAT a climb that was, to be sure, up, up into cloudland, up the steepest of all the White Mountains! Hattie, and Carrie, and I, with Carrie's brother, from Yale. We started in the early morning, determined to reach the top, in order to give a "chevvy" and a handkerchief wave to the stage on its road to Androscoggin. Captain Rathmill said he would recognize *me* anywhere, so I resolved to test the range of his lovely, eloquent, dark-blue eyes.

The morning was fresh and fair when we started. The green path wound through a wood, and as we crossed a tiny waterfall set in a little ravine on our left, we noticed how the thick sheet of water dropped downward with a seeming slow pause, and, at the end of a dropping leap, shivered into bubble, spray, and threaded foam, like the droop of a rocket shower.

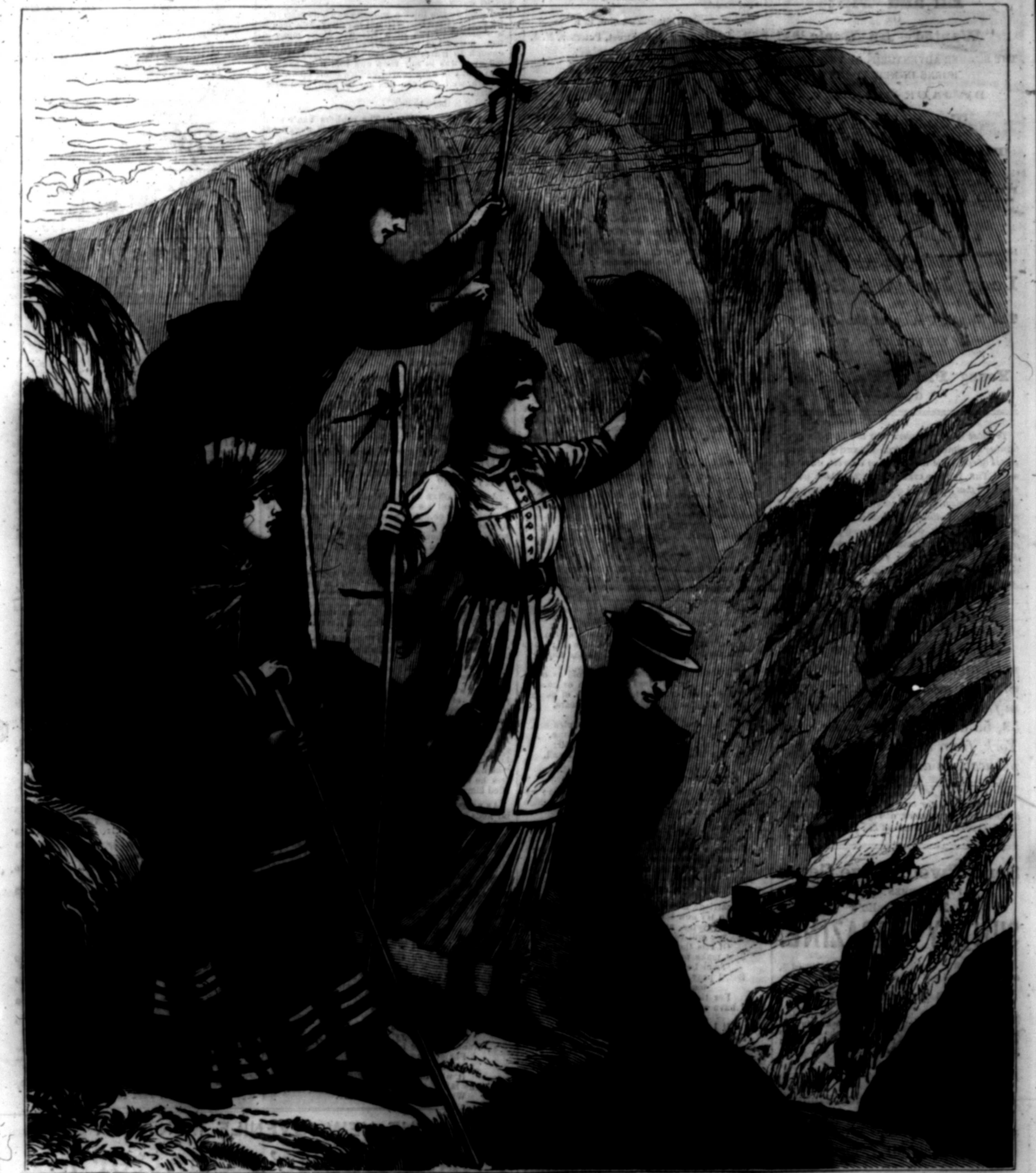
After we had done a little Excelsior business—already the river, far, far below, soundless, showed like a gray-white thread of stagnant foam—the character of the scene underwent a vital change. We were in the wild open, in the glare of sun, in stir of dancing air. No idea of path more. The coarse, sometimes marshy, grass swelled up into rough mounds, like the "grassy barrows of the happier dead."

As we climbed, we felt a sort of fierce madness stirred by the merry wind that swept so grandly down the side of the bare mountain. The sun shone brightly, but we breasted a strong, keen, terrific mountain-breeze, and we were exhilarated with its intoxicating life and force. We leaned forward against the steady blast, our forms displayed in a manner more classical than conventional. Our work was still cut out for us, and upward we toiled, bounding from tuft to boulder, and deftly using our stout ash plants cut for us by Carrie's brother in the woods ere we started. Carrie and I decorated ours with our hair-ribbons, but Hattie, who is a prim thing, wouldn't let her hair fall for all the Alpen stocks in the Engadine.

At last, puffing and blowing like Sairey Gamp, we reached our goal. We flung ourselves in attitudes of pure *abandon*, upon the bare side of the rock-ribbed mountain. The day was dazzling in its excess of brilliancy; the shining sun-flooded heavens gleaming upon the matchless chastity of the cold, white mountain. It was a burning wooing of the sun-god of a pure-white nymph. How grand was the scene, with all its objects so vast and sublime and strange! We gazed intently and long, until Carrie, clapping her hands, cried out:

"Here comes the stage!"

We sprang to our feet, and descended into a cut on the edge of the mountain. I took off my hat and waved it with its vail. It was Captain Rathmill who waved a handkerchief from the box-seat. His dark, dreamy blue eyes *are* really worth something to him, after all. He has since told me that he could have counted the plaits in my hair, and that he distinctly saw my silver drinking-cup dangling from my side. We are going to make the same ascent next week, and Captain Rathmill is to be of the party.



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4. An excellent oil for lubricating purposes.

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